

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO. 15

## PENSION BILL PASSES HOUSE

**Sherwood Measure, Adding \$75,000,000 to Pension Roll, Is Accepted**

### AMENDMENTS OBTAINED

**Democrats Declare That the Bill Knocks In the Face All Pretensions Made in Last Campaign.**

The Sherwood service pension bill, which would add upwards of \$40,000,000 to the government annual expenditures by granting increased pensions to Civil and Mexican war veterans on the basis of length of service, was passed by the House Tuesday night despite the determined opposition of many Democratic leaders. Secretary of the Interior, Fisher had estimated that the bill would add \$75,000,000 to the pension roll if the 400,000 veterans eligible take advantage of the increased wage. The vote was 229 to 92.

The bill now goes to the Senate where there is a disposition to pass some form of amended service pension legislation. Senate leaders, however, will proceed slowly in the consideration of this legislation and many House Democrats voted for the measure in the belief that the Senate would not pass it.

The Salloway age pension bill, passed by the House last spring, failed of passage in the Senate at that time. This republican measure was offered unsuccessfully in the House as a substitute for the Sherwood bill. Scores

were offered and a full fight was made. A day pension bill, as regards length of years, would establish

of pensions: from ninety days to six months; from six to ten months; from nine months to one year, \$25 per month; from one year to two years, \$30 per month.

Changes were made in the bill during the all day joint amendment by the House of Representatives and the provision for federal soldiers' families was removed and the provision for the support of the restriction of any pension to not exceed \$1,000 per month was removed.

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## RISKS LIFE TO SAVE FRIEND

**Gurnee Man Stops Runaway Team at His Own Peril**

Joe Adams is the hero of Gurnee. Thursday afternoon he risked his own life to save a friend from being ground to death under the heels of spirited team of horses. The man who was saved from certain death was John Mullery, a pioneer resident of Lake county, who recently celebrated his 91 birthday.

Mullery, who is employed by John Thomas, a Gurnee farmer was exercising a team of spirited colts, when one of the reins broke. The old man lost control of the horses. The team went tearing down Grand avenue at a high rate of speed. Mullery doing his best to keep them in the middle of the road. The old man succeeded in directing the onward rush of the team by using the whip. When the team would attempt to turn out of the road he would apply the whip.

Adams appeared on the scene at the critical moment. When he learned of the runaway he threw in the high speed gear on his machine and took up the chase in his automobile.

Driving the machine within an arm's length of the terror-stricken horses, Adams threw out the high speed gear, and made a leap for the back of the "off" horse. He caught the horse by the bridle. Mullery had to be assisted from the rig. The aged man was removed to his home, and a doctor summoned. His condition is regarded as critical. He is suffering from fright. Gurnee residents will petition Andrew Carnegie to award Adams with a "bravery" medal.

## F. T. FOWLER RECEIVES APPOINTMENT

Frank T. Fowler, a Lake County farmer, has been retained by the aldermen of Boise, Idaho, as commissioner of the department of streets and public improvements, and left for that place last week, assuming his duties Monday morning.

Mr. Fowler has had unlimited experience in this line of work. During Busse's reign as mayor of Chicago, Mr. Fowler had charge of the street department and has served one term as a member of the board of local improvements in the city.

He resigned his position as head of the street department in Chicago three months before Harrison was elected mayor. During the years that he worked for the city of Chicago he received much mention and credit.

Mr. Fowler owns a 160 acre farm at Fourth lake which he has leased for a period of two years.

## BOARD REFUSES TO BUY AUTO FOR SHERIFF

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors this week that body refused to grant the petition of Sheriff Green of this county, which asked that he be granted an automobile for his use in serving papers, and in pursuit of criminals. This petition was laid over from the October term and at the session Wednesday it was decided that the sheriff could hold his office without a machine and the prayer was not granted.

The supervisors also refused to grant the petition of the Lake County Historical society for an appropriation of \$200 for the preservation of historical spots in this county. It had been the custom in other years to grant this society the sum of \$100 per year, but last year this was not done, and the petition presented at the October term asked for the money for two years.

## MARIE SORENSEN CHRISTIAN NELSON ARE MARRIED

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock at the home of the brides parents Mr. and Mrs. Sorensen at Lake Marie occurred the marriage of their daughter Marie to Mr. Christian Nelson. Rev. A. O. Stixrud performed the ceremony in the presence of only the immediate family. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson will reside with the bride's parents until spring when they will move onto a farm near Pikeville.

Italics. Italics were first used about A. D. 1500 by Manutius, a Venetian printer, who dedicated them to the Italian states. Hence the name. The first book set up in Italics was an edition of Vergil printed at Venice by Aldus in 1501. A copy of this rare book is preserved in the British museum.

## AUTO ASS'N IS BACK OF CASE

**Will be Made One of the Most Noted Cases in the History of the State**

### ANOTHER TRIAL IN JANUARY

**Attorneys Claim Case has Big Feature in That It Seeks to Establish Definition of Reasonably Safe Roads**

Announcement was made Saturday that the suit of John R. Gibson as administrator of the late Harvey Gibson against the town of Salem, which was ended in the circuit court on Tuesday when Judge Belden directed a verdict for the defendant town, will not be dropped, but it will be appealed to the supreme court and an effort will be made to make it one of the most noted cases ever heard in the state on account of the fact that the attorneys will seek to establish through this case some ruling from the supreme court as to the "reasonable safety" of a highway.

Attorney Calvin Stewart and Wallace Ingalls are representing the plaintiff in the case and they have been notified that the Wisconsin State Automobile Association will take up the case and provide for the appeal of it to the supreme court in the interest of good roads in Wisconsin. The association sees in this case a possibility of the handing down of a decision which will establish the right of the people to proper roads.

The officials hold that no road is reasonably safe that is not wide enough to permit two wagons or two automobiles to pass at any point of the road. The Salem case has been to the supreme court and at that time it was Edward Collier who was the plaintiff. In the first trial of the case Collier was awarded damages by a jury but Judge Belden changed the answers to some of the questions, these changes resulting in the verdict being practically set aside. The attorneys for the plaintiff at once took the case to the supreme court and the court instead of granting a verdict for one side or the other sent the case back for a new trial.

This case is going to be fought just as long as there is a court to fight before, said Attorney Stewart. "I don't know how much the Wisconsin Automobile Association is willing to put up to aid the fight, but I have been advised that the officials of the association are ready to help in bearing the expenses of the appeal, but under any circumstances we are going to keep fighting until we get some decision from the supreme court as to when a road is reasonably safe. Such a decision will be just as good as a law passed by the legislature. At the present time there appears to be no law by which a town board can be forced to make the country roads safe and it is going to be the mission of this case to bring a change in this condition."

The briefs for the appeal of the case are already being prepared and it is expected that the case will again come up for trial at the January term of court.

## MORTGAGE FOR 12 MILLION IS FILED IN LAKE CO.

One of the largest mortgages ever filed in Lake county was filed Monday afternoon by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois, which is the recently formed combination of electric light companies, headed by Samuel Insull of Libertyville and Chicago.

The mortgage covers all the company's holdings in Northern Illinois, which includes the holdings of the North Shore Electric company in Lake county. It is for \$12,495,000 and is in the shape of a good sized pamphlet in printed form. The whole thing has to be copied in the records of Lake county.

The same mortgage has to be filed in all the counties where the company owns property and it touches almost every county in northern Illinois. Lake county, however, having about as large a percentage as any of the counties, in fact, it is likely none has more property than Lake.

## DOWIE JR. DISCARDS ZION FAITH

**Has Declared His Intention of Becoming an Episcopal Clergyman**

### MOVE IS GENERAL SURPRISE

**Deserts the Teachings of Zion and Affiliates With the Church That His Father Fought**

Gladstone Dowie, son of the famous builder of Zion City, Dr. John Alexander Dowie, is to become an episcopal clergyman. The only living child of the famous leader, has become a candidate for orders in the episcopal church as he has entered the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago.

This means that Gladstone has discarded the beliefs and teachings of his father as originally started in Zion City. It also means that he has decided to abandon the teachings which his mother lately strove to install in her husband's loyal followers, that Dowie and his church and teachings should be perpetuated. It is recalled that she recently started holding meetings in Chicago and sought to gather followers of her husband, who, since his death remained lukewarm to his teachings. In her effort she succeeded but slightly and prospects did not appear any too bright and it is reported, she became discouraged and planned to abandon her efforts.

But the move of Gladstone Dowie to become an Episcopal clergyman comes as a big surprise to the many other factions there. "It had not been known that Dowie, who is a lawyer by profession, had any inclinations toward following in the footsteps of his father even as a religious teacher in another church than that which his father started."

Dowie, Senior, conducted a war against the Episcopal and all other churches all his life hence the fact that his son deserted his father's plans and ideals at his death did not create much of a surprise but the fact that the son has taken steps to enter church work of another denomination, one which his father had bitterly fought, just shows how time changes things.

The younger Dowie never was very enthusiastic over his father's work in Zion City, but nobody ever thought he would abandon his ideas to such an extent that he would take steps to become a minister in a church which his father attacked repeatedly.

## AUTO FOR THE INMATES OF THE R. R. MEN'S HOME

Christmas cheer has already been brought to the unfortunate inmates of the Railroad Men's home at Highland Park, explained in full in the following from the Highland Park Press:

"A beautiful, 36-horsepower, Carhartt car, billed to John O'Keefe, manager of the Railroad Men's home, was unloaded at the Northwestern freight house Tuesday morning and once more the men at the home have cause to bless the man who has done so much for them. The car which is a \$2,500 machine was manufactured in the donor's factory at Detroit. It will be used entirely for the pleasure of the men and will be a great boon to them during the summer months, especially those who are unable to walk. Through the kindness of Mr. Carhartt many of the men will get their first view of the beautiful country which surrounds their home. With the car Mr. Carhartt sent a large portable steel garage."

### Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to Sequoit lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Chapter No. 428, O. E. S., the Modern Woodmen and the Royal Neighbors for the beautiful floral offerings, and also the singers at the funeral of our dear departed husband father son and brother.

Mrs. Vida Hucker and children Mrs. J. M. Hucker. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Messing

## OLDEST CHURCH BURNED

**The Old Catholic Church at Mill Creek was Burned to the Ground Friday night**

St. Patrick's Catholic church, better known as the Mill Creek church, and probably the very oldest church in the county, having been built sixty years ago, burned to the ground Friday night. The damage is estimated at \$5,000. The origin of the fire is unknown. Fortunately the parish of the church had just completed the erection of a new church and are all ready to dedicate it. The church that burned was one of the oldest landmarks in the county. Father Foley is in charge of the parish.

The blaze was discovered at 11:30 o'clock by the Knox family, who live but forty rods away. At that time the church was a mass of flames. The alarm was spread as rapidly as possible and with almost incredible speed a bucket brigade was formed in an effort to save the old structure.

Efforts were in vain, however, as the fire burned so fiercely that the volunteer firemen could not approach the building, which threatened to be gutted at any moment.

Hundreds of people stood about helplessly, unable to do anything to save the building. The origin is unknown for although there had been services there Friday, it is said that no candles had been left burning. There are some who are of the opinion that a tramp crawled into the building and set it on fire accidentally.

## SECOND DEATH IN THE FAMILY WITHIN A WEEK

Sunday at the Luken home, Millburn, occurred the death of Mrs. James Armour, mother of Mrs. Lukens, pneumonia being the cause. It is recalled that Mrs. Lukens died last week and at the time of her death, Mrs. Armour was very sick with the same trouble which claimed Mrs. Lukens.

One of the Lukens children, a girl of 8, was also very sick but is now somewhat improved. The death of the mother of Mrs. Lukens being followed so closely by her mother's, has created a profound wave of sorrow in the vicinity where the two families are well known and prominent.

The funeral of Mrs. Armour was held Tuesday at the home of Millburn cemetery.

## INSPECTOR MAKES TOUR OF COUNTY

Z. I. Blaisdell, an inspector of the department of health of Chicago, with Officer Clarence Hicks of Waukegan started out this week to make a tour of the dairy farms of Lake County, to inspect them in regard to sanitary conditions. The farms will all be inspected not only those who ship milk to Chicago but others as well.

Mr. Blaisdell is in the employ of the health department of Chicago and has for his special task the inspection of dairy farms.

He expects to be employed in this county until he has inspected every farm and all conditions not of the best will be ordered corrected. This inspection will be made an annual affair and follows the passage of the state law prohibiting the enforcement of a tuberculin test for cattle.

## LARGE SALE OF SEALS IN LAKE COUNTY

Reports seem to indicate that Lake County has a splendid chance of being the banner county of the state in the sale of the Red Cross Christmas seals. Already about 100,000 seals have been sold in the county and those in charge of the sale say that there will not be the least difficulty in disposing of the remaining 50,000 seals that made up the county's order for 150,000.

Prominent Lake County people are donating liberally, one man alone having purchased fifty dollars worth, and others taking large amounts. Miss Stella Harper of Waukegan so far holds the record of having disposed of the largest number of seals of any young woman in the state, her sales having reached the 13,000 mark.

Never Changed in Nature. The bees which may have lived longest in the woods undisturbed by man would if transferred from their wild abode to a hive and brought out to a modern apiary be as much at home and as tractable to man and his methods as any bees in the yard. Their type, habits and instincts remain unchanged whether wild or in so called domestication.

## WHITNEY DISMISSES JURORS

**Lectures Attorneys For Not Being Ready When Cases Are Called**

### COUNTY EXPENSE STUDIED

**Circuit Judge Declares County Shall Not Pay Jury Close to \$100 Per Day to Do Nothing**

That Circuit Judge Charles Whitney does not intend that the County shall be subjected to any unnecessary expense in maintaining juries was clearly evinced on Tuesday when he dismissed the jury and practically brought the court to a close.

This move on his part was entirely unexpected and some of the attorneys were made to sit up and take notice when the Circuit Judge made it clear to them that the court would not be held open for their accommodation.

The case of Lund against the Chicago and Milwaukee electric, a damage suit, had been started Tuesday morning, and as such cases usually consume a considerable amount of time there was something of a surprise sprung when the attorneys in the case announced that they had reached an agreement to have the case postponed. The judge was willing to grant the postponement and at once called the next case. The attorneys were not ready. He called the next, the attorneys were not in court, and so on the judge went down the docket calling the cases in their order. None of the attorneys were ready and in most cases they were not in court to answer to their call. The chief reason being that they had relied on the Lund case taking up time.

When it was found that none were ready the judge turned to those present and addressed them thus: "I wish the attorneys to understand that this court can not and will not be kept open for the convenience of the attorneys and at the expense of the county. It costs the county in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars per day to keep a jury here and when cases are not ready to act upon I don't propose to keep them here waiting for counsel to get their witnesses together and proceed at their convenience. If parties want to law it, they must pay the jury, the county will certainly not be placed in the position of paying this heavy expense and having nothing accomplished."

It is interesting to know that the judge in delivering this lecture was simply acting in accordance with the rules made by the Lake County Bar Association itself. Last summer the bar association held a meeting at which it was decided that to expedite the work of the court all members of the association who had cases to be tried should be ready to go to trial at any time. Thus when Judge Whitney Tuesday morning found that not one of the lawyers was ready to go to trial he simply followed the new rules of the association.

He had it in his power to demand that the lawyers bring their cases up for trial immediately or have them dismissed but he did not enforce his prerogative.

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolutions of respect adopted by Lotus Camp No. 657, M. W. of A. Whereas, death has again entered our camp room and taken from our roll of members our esteemed Neighbor, Wm. H. Hucker,

Therefore Be It Resolved, That Lotus Camp hereby extend to the wife and children of our deceased neighbor our heartfelt sympathy, knowing that theirs is the greater loss, and again pledging ourselves to do all we can for the widow and orphans in this their hour of sorrow, and assuring them that The Modern Woodman of America, and Lotus Camp in particular, stands ready to answer any appeal for assistance.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days and that a copy of this resolution be printed in the Antioch News and a copy sent to the widow.

J. C. James  
A. O. Stixrud  
Ed Garrett.



## ANTIOCH NEWS

A. D. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

## OLD MAN'S BRAIN AT WORK

Youngster Had Small Chance of Getting the Best of It in Trade Agreement.

An old city provision dealer took his son into partnership. They organized a rapid transit delivery and sold a lot of provisions.

But they fell out, and the son started to business on his own account, and there was keen rivalry between them. One day the old man sent for his son.

"My boy," he said, "it is neither seemingly nor profitable that we should compete this way; let us divide the city between us. Where you sell, I won't; and where I sell, you must not."

"But," said the son, "you have most of the rich houses now; that won't leave much for me."

"Well, of course," replied the father, "I'd like to keep as many of my old customers as I can; but come—I'll give you two-thirds of the city; you're young and can cover the ground better than I—only you must let me choose my one-third. I'll give you a lot of the rich district all the same."

The boy thought: "I don't keep much food wines and other costly goods; and, anyhow, I'd rather sell for cash in the poorer sections than wait for the accounts of the rich." So he consented and an agreement was drawn up and signed.

"Now," said the old man, "you can have all the vacant lots."

## A Nervous Shock.

When Mr. Lawton returned from a long conference with his son in the barn, Mrs. Lawton was in a fever of impatience. "Well, did you find out what's the matter with him, Henry?" she asked, eagerly.

"He's feeling kind of low-spirited," said Mr. Lawton. "He's made a bad investment of some money."

"Speculating?" growled the mother. "There, I knew we never ought to have let him go to the city alone to work, no matter if 'twas a good offer. What's he been gambling in?"

"Well, wasn't gambling, exactly," said Mr. Lawton, mildly. "He met a young lady that lived ten miles out, and he liked her so well that he bought him a fifty-five ticket to her place, and the fourth time he went she told him that she was engaged to another young man."

"He's my own boy, and he isn't one to let his affections spoil his life, so he told me that when he found out she was going to marry a man right in her own town and that he had business that took him into the city now and again, he soaked the ticket right up in an envelope and laid it away to give 'em for a wedding present."

"But of course he's had some regrets, in spite of being sensible!"—Youth's Companion.

## Origin of Panic.

No word has moved with the times more than "panic." Long ago in ancient Greece it was a mild fear inspired by mysterious sights and sounds among the mountains and valleys by night, which were attributed to the god Pan. Nowadays it has a by no means supernatural significance on the stock exchange as it nearly did in Berlin the other day. "Panic fear" was the original expression, and in shortening it to "panic" we have all ready been as slipshod as the small boy who calls his "comic paper" a "comic." Shaftesbury, two hundred years ago, would have used the word for any contagious feeling that seized upon masses of men. "There are many Panicks in Mankind besides merely that of Fear." And then in Religion also Panick.

## First Horse Omnibus.

Londoners are expecting soon to see the last horse omnibus. The first horse omnibus was seen in the neighborhood of Nantes in 1826 and ran to facilitate access to a bathing establishment which a M. Baudry had set up in the outskirts of that town.

"The name of these vehicles," M. Baudry said, "shall be omnibus—that is to say, 'open to all.' The venture was so successful that a limited company was formed to inaugurate a similar enterprise in Paris. The Parisian experiment was at first a failure, but after its originator had manifested the disappointment by drowning himself in the Canal Saint Martin others reaped a rich harvest from his ideas."—Westminster Gazette.

## The Cause.

"I understand the designer of this menu was lynched in a horrible manner."

"He was nothing of the sort! What makes you so foolish?"

"I am sure that after the dinner had proceeded, he was roasted at the steak."

## Just as Good.

"You must take exercise," said the physician. "The motor car, in a case like yours, gives the best exercise that—"

"But, doctor, I can't afford to keep a motor car," the patient growled.

"Don't buy; just doggo them," said the other.—Liverpool Mercury.

## Legal Lore.

"As a lawyer, how would you advise me to sue for a girl's hand?"

"Take the case to court and ask for immediate trial."

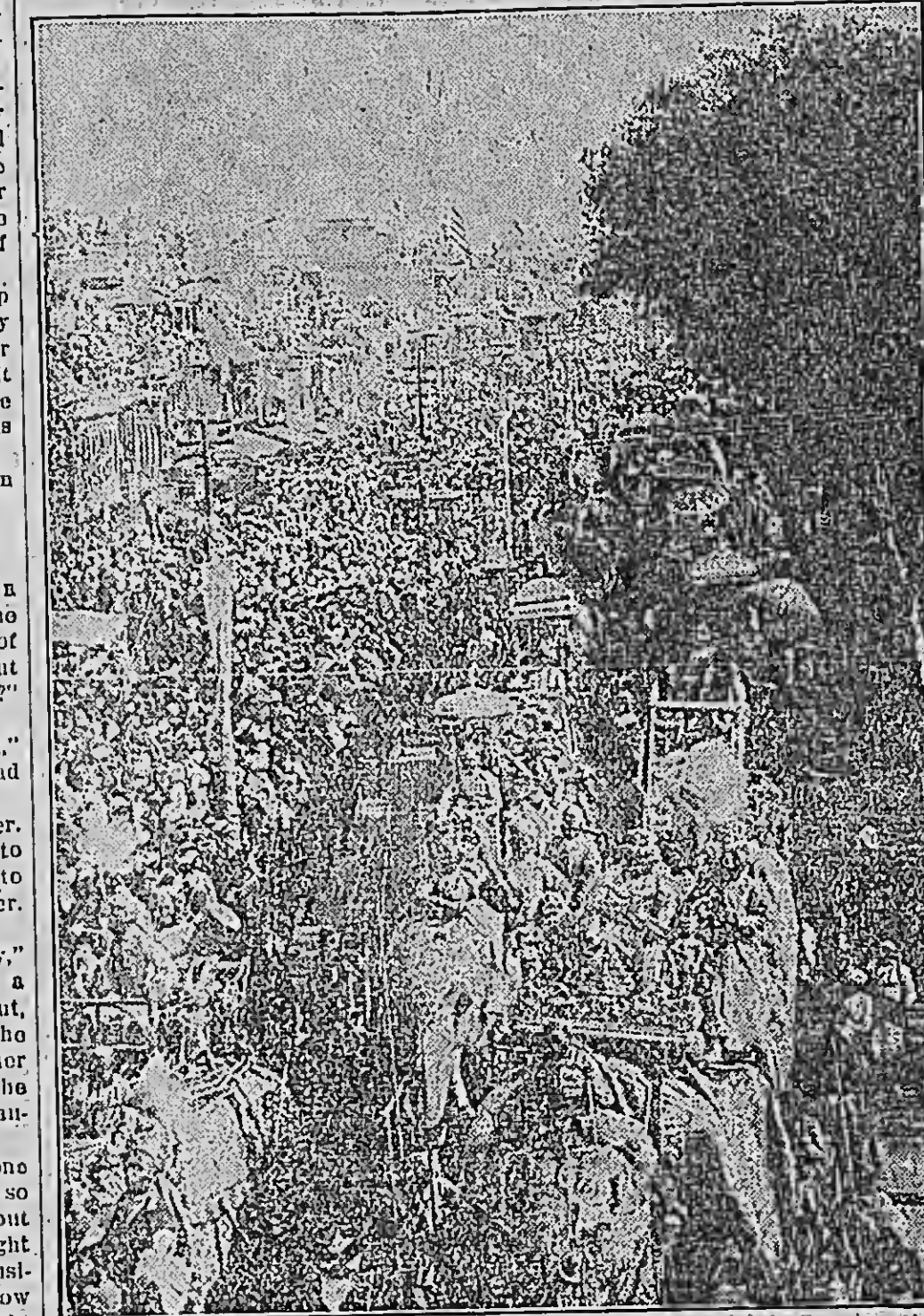
## DURBAR AT DELHI MOST GORGEOUS

Splendor of Ceremony Never Before Equaled in India.

## GREAT DISPLAY OF JEWELS

George and Mary, Seated on Imperial Thrones of Hindustan, Witness a Wonderful Pageant.

Delhi, India, Dec. 12.—Amd scenes of splendor never before equalled even in India, the country of marvelous pageants, nor in any other land in modern times, George and Mary,



The Great Durbar Procession.

king and queen of Great Britain, were recognized today as emperor and empress of India. Up to their thrones marched the proudest chiefs of Hindustan and there did homage. This durbar was without precedent, for never before has a British emperor of India come to Delhi, the ancient seat of the kings of India, to assume his title. The Durbar, for which elaborate preparations had been under way for months, took place in a great camp to the north of the city, some five miles square. The temporary population of this camp is about a quarter of a million, and it is furnished with all the conveniences of modern life, including 31 post offices, ten telegraph offices and even electric light, railways, motor cars and taxi-cabs. There the people gathered

in dusky petanates were resplendent in the magnificent jewels for which they have long been famous. Indeed such a display of precious stones never before was seen in modern times. The rajahs, after making their obeisances, grouped themselves about the throne, where also stood the governors of the Asiatic colonies of the crown, other distinguished government officials and invited guests.

Queen Mary, the Kohinoor. The king was crowned king-emperor at Westminster, so he took his throne already wearing a crown that had been made especially for this occasion, garbed in the royal robes of state, wearing the state jewels and carrying the scepter. By his side sat Queen Mary, on her brow the crown that was made for her coronation and in the front of which blazed the great Kohinoor, the Indian diamond appraised to bring good fortune if worn by a woman. Her jewels were even more magnificent than those she wore at the coronation at Westminster, among her new ornaments being a

beautiful lotus flower of diamonds. She was garbed in the white and gold embroidered robe worn at the coronation. Close beside the imperial thrones when the twenty-four state trumpets heralded the durbar were, of course Lord Hardinge, viceroy of India, and Lady Hardinge.

Most spectacular was the grand review of troops, about 90,000 in number. Most of these were native troops, and they were garbed in the most gorgeous uniforms in the world. The rajahs and other native princes present brought their own elephants, the size of the animal depending on the rank of its owner, and the huge brutes with their magnificent howdahs and other trappings added

to the oriental splendor of the scene. Presents for Indian Subjects. The king and queen brought from England a vast number of presents for their Indian subjects, including a thousand plum puddings made in the Buckingham palace kitchens, and a great number of rich cakes, York hams and Shilton cheeses. Then there are rolls of English linen, pieces of Buckinghamshire, hosiery and point lace, illustrated books, fancy leather goods, silverware of all kinds, British silks and velvets, pictures and photographs and a great variety of other articles.

The recent political events in Mexico received attention from this government because of the exceedingly delicate and difficult situation created along our southern border, and the necessity for taking measures proper to safeguard American interests. The government of the United States, in its desire to secure a proper observance and enforcement of the so-called neutrality statutes of the federal government, issued directions to the appropriate officers to exercise a vigilant regard for the requirements of such rules and laws. Although the United States has no official recognition of the new republic of Mexico, it has a long-standing policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of that country. In the event of a conference with the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy, the United States government has expressed to President Diaz the hope that no apprehensions might be entertained by the United States as to the military maneuvers, and assured him that they had no significance whatever in connection with the government.

I am more than happy to record the fact that all apprehensions as to the effect of the presence of a large military force in Texas proved groundless; no disturbances occurred.

The presence of a large military and naval force available for prompt action, near the Mexican border, proved to be the most fortunate under the circumstances, conditions presented by this invasion of American rights.

The policy and action of this government were based upon an entire freedom for the Mexican people as a whole, and it is a matter of gratification to note that this attitude of strict impartiality, as to all factions in Mexico and of sincere friendship for the neighboring nations, has been generally recognized and has resulted in an even closer and more sympathetic understanding between the two republics and a warmer regard one for the other. Action to suppress violence and restore tranquility throughout the Mexican republic was of peculiar interest to the government, in that it concerned the safeguarding of American life and property in that country. On May 20, 1911, President Diaz resigned, Sonora was chosen provisional president. Elections for president and vice-president were thereafter held, through out the republic, and Senor Francisco I. Madero was formally declared elected on October 16, to the chief magistracy. On November 6, President Madero entered upon the duties of his office.

Honduras and Nicaragua Treaties Proposed.

As to the situation in Central America, I have taken occasion in the past to explain to the most strongly the importance that should be attributed to the consummation of the conventions between Honduras and this country, and I again earnestly recommend that the necessary action be taken to enter upon an era of genuine economic national development.

Our relations with the Republic of Panama, peculiarly important, due to mutual obligations and the vast interests created by the canal, have continued in the usual friendly manner, and we have been glad to make appropriate expressions of our attitude of sympathy and interest in the endeavors of our neighbor in undertaking the development of the rich resources of the country.

New Japanese Treaty.

The treaty of commerce and navigation between the United States and Japan, signed in 1894, would by a strict interpretation of its provisions have terminated

## NATION AT PEACE

PRESIDENT INFORMS CONGRESS ABOUT RELATIONS WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.

## NEW ARBITRATION TREATIES

United States Helps in Amicable Settlement of Disputes—Events Connected With the Mexican Revolution—Need for Merchant Marine.

Washington, Dec. 7.—Foreign affairs are the sole subject of President Taft's special message, which was submitted to Congress today. In part the document repeats the substance of his annual message.

The relations of the United States with other countries have continued during the past twelve months upon a basis of the usual good and friendly intercourse. Arbitration.

The year just passed marks an important general movement on the part of the world toward the settlement of international disputes by arbitration rather than by war, and in response to a widespread demand for an advance in that direction on the part of the people of the United States and of Great Britain and of France, the arbitration treaties were negotiated last spring with Great Britain and France, the terms of which were designed to express in the presentable these treaties, to extend the scope and obligations of the policy of arbitration adopted by the present treaties with these governments.

To pave the way for this treaty with the United States, Great Britain agreed to an important modification in its alliance with Japan and the French government also expedited the negotiations with good will. The new treaties have been submitted to the senate and are awaiting its advice and consent to their ratification. All the essentials of these important treaties have long been known and it is my earnest hope that they will receive prompt and favorable action.

Arbitration. In further illustration of the practical and beneficial application of the principle of arbitration and of the underlying broad spirit of conciliation, I am happy to advert to the part of the United States which has been permitted to engage in the settlement of the dispute between Panama and Costa Rica, and between Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

Since the date of their independence, Colombia and Costa Rica had been seeking a solution of a boundary dispute which came as a heritage from Colombia to the new republic of Panama, upon its beginning life as an independent nation. In January, 1900, at the request of both governments the agents representing them met in conference at the department of state and subsequently concluded a protocol submitting this long-pending controversy to the arbitral jurisdiction of the chief justice of the United States, who consented to act in this capacity.

A boundary commission, according to the international agreement, has now been appointed, and it is expected that the arbitral proceedings will be completed in a short time. The settlement of this long-standing dispute will be honorably and satisfactorily terminated.

Again, a few months ago, it appeared that the Dominican Republic and Haiti were about to enter upon hostilities because of complications growing out of an acrimonious boundary dispute which the efforts of many years had failed to solve. The government of the United States, by friendly intervention of good offices, succeeded in prevailing upon the parties to place their reliance upon some form of pacific settlement.

Mexico.

The recent political events in Mexico received attention from this government because of the exceedingly delicate and difficult situation created along our southern border, and the necessity for taking measures proper to safeguard American interests. The government of the United States, in its desire to secure a proper observance and enforcement of the so-called neutrality statutes of the federal government, issued directions to the appropriate officers to exercise a vigilant regard for the requirements of such rules and laws.

Although the United States has no official recognition of the new republic of Mexico, it has a long-standing policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of that country.

In the event of a conference with the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy, the United States government has expressed to President Diaz the hope that no apprehensions might be entertained by the United States as to the military maneuvers, and assured him that they had no significance whatever in connection with the government.

I am more than happy to record the fact that all apprehensions as to the effect of the presence of a large military force in Texas proved groundless; no disturbances occurred.

The presence of a large military and naval force available for prompt action, near the Mexican border, proved to be the most fortunate under the circumstances, conditions presented by this invasion of American rights.

The policy and action of this government were based upon an entire freedom for the Mexican people as a whole, and it is a matter of gratification to note that this attitude of strict impartiality, as to all factions in Mexico and of sincere friendship for the neighboring nations, has been generally recognized and has resulted in an even closer and more sympathetic understanding between the two republics and a warmer regard one for the other.

Action to suppress violence and restore tranquility throughout the Mexican republic was of peculiar interest to the government, in that it concerned the safeguarding of American life and property in that country. On May 20, 1911, President Diaz resigned, Sonora was chosen provisional president. Elections for president and vice-president were thereafter held, through out the republic, and Senor Francisco I. Madero was formally declared elected on October 16, to the chief magistracy. On November 6, President Madero entered upon the duties of his office.

Honduras and Nicaragua Treaties Proposed.

As to the situation in Central America, I have taken occasion in the past to explain to the most strongly the importance that should be attributed to the consummation of the conventions between Honduras and this country, and I again earnestly recommend that the necessary action be taken to enter upon an era of genuine economic national development.

Our relations with the Republic of Panama, peculiarly important, due to mutual obligations and the vast interests created by the canal, have continued in the usual friendly manner, and we have been glad to make appropriate expressions of our attitude of sympathy and interest in the endeavors of our neighbor in undertaking the development of the rich resources of the country.

New Japanese Treaty.

The treaty of commerce and navigation between the United States and Japan, signed in 1894, would by a strict interpretation of its provisions have terminated

## NATION AT PEACE

PRESIDENT INFORMS CONGRESS ABOUT RELATIONS WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.

## NEW ARBITRATION TREATIES

United States Helps in Amicable Settlement of Disputes—Events Connected With the Mexican Revolution—Need for Merchant Marine.

Washington, Dec. 7.—Foreign affairs are the sole subject of President Taft's special message, which was submitted to Congress today. In part the document repeats the substance of his annual message.

The relations of the United States with other countries have continued during the past twelve months upon a basis of the usual good and friendly intercourse. Arbitration.

The year just passed marks an important general movement on the part of the world toward the settlement of international disputes by arbitration rather than by war, and in response to a widespread demand for an advance in that direction on the part of the people of the United States and of Great Britain and of France, the arbitration treaties were negotiated last spring with Great Britain and France, the terms of which were designed to express in the presentable these treaties, to extend the scope and obligations of the policy of arbitration adopted by the present treaties with these governments.

To pave the way for this treaty with the United States, Great Britain agreed to an important modification in its alliance with Japan and the French government also expedited the negotiations with good will. The new treaties have been submitted to the senate and are awaiting its advice and consent to their ratification. All the essentials of these important treaties have long been known and it is my earnest hope that they will receive prompt and favorable action.

Arbitration. In further illustration of the practical and beneficial application of the principle of arbitration and of the underlying broad spirit of conciliation, I am happy to advert to the part of the United States which has been permitted to engage in the settlement of the dispute between Panama and Costa Rica, and between Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

Since the date of their independence, Colombia and Costa Rica had been seeking a solution of a boundary dispute which came as a heritage from Colombia to the new republic of Panama, upon its beginning life as an independent nation. In January, 1900, at the request of both governments the agents representing them met in conference at the department of state and subsequently concluded a protocol submitting this long-pending controversy to the arbitral jurisdiction of the chief justice of the United States, who consented to act in this capacity.

A boundary commission, according to the international agreement, has now been appointed, and it is expected that the arbitral proceedings will be completed in a short time. The settlement of this long-standing dispute will be honorably and satisfactorily terminated.

Again, a few months ago, it appeared that the Dominican Republic and Haiti were about to enter upon hostilities because of complications growing out of an acrimonious boundary dispute which the efforts of many years had failed to solve. The government of the United States, by friendly intervention of good offices, succeeded in prevailing upon the parties to place their reliance upon some form of pacific settlement.

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## WESTERN CANADA FARMER SECURES WORLD'S PRIZE FOR WHEAT

A ROSTHORN, SASK., FARMER THE LUCKY WINNER.

Sir Thomas Shangoossey of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered \$1,000 in gold as a prize for the best 100 lbs. of wheat, grown on the American continent, to be competed for at the recent Land Show in New York. In making the competition open, the donor of this handsome prize showed his belief in the superiority of Canadian wheat lands, by throwing the contest open to farmers of all America, both United States and Canada. The United States railways were by no means anxious to have the Canadian railways represented at the show and a New York paper commenting on the results of the competition, says that they were not to be blamed, as the Canadians captured the most important prize of the show.

The winner of this big wheat prize was Mr. Seagor Wheeler of Rosthorn, Saskatchewan, and his winning has brought a great deal of credit on the district. The winning wheat was the Marquis variety, and received no more attention from Mr. Wheeler than his other grain, but he is a very particular farmer. His farm is one of the cleanest and best kept in the Rosthorn district, and this year he won first prize in a good farm competition which included every feature of farming and every part of the farm. Last winter Wheeler was a prize winner at the provincial seed fair in Regina. Wheeler is a firm believer in sowing clean seed of the best quality procurable, consequently his grain is much sought after by the best farmers for seed purposes.

Wheeler is an Englishman. He is a pioneer of Rosthorn, coming here fifteen years ago. In the last six years he has done much experimenting, particularly in wheat varieties. His farm resembles an experimental farm. A long driveway, lined on both sides with trees, leads to a modest house, the home of Wheeler, a modest, unassuming man with the appearance of a student rather than a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

There are now no free homesteads to be had in this district, and farm lands are worth from \$200 to \$400 per acre, which a few years ago were secured by their present owners, either as a free gift or purchased at from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

It is not many miles from Rosthorn, where the farmer lives, who secured the first prize for wheat last year at the National Corn Exposition at Columbus and West of Rosthorn, about 150 miles, lives Messrs. Hill and Son, who won the Colorado Silver Trophy, valued at \$1,500, for the best peck of oats, also awarded at the National Corn Show at Columbus in 1910.

Not contented with the high honors obtained in his wheat, Canada again stepped forward into the show ring, and carried off the Stillwell trophy and \$1,000 for the best potatoes on the continent. This time the winner was a British Columbia man, Mr. Asahel Smith, the "Potato King," of that province. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and one varieties grown from all parts of the province aggregating in weight one and a half tons.

At the recent Dry Farming Congress, held at Colorado Springs, and at which time it was decided to hold the next Congress at Lethbridge, in 1912, the Province of Alberta made a wonderful showing of grains, grasses and vegetables.

"At the Congress, Alberta got more prizes and trophies, ten to one, than any state of the Union," said Mr. Hotchkiss to the Edmonton Bulletin. "We brought back all but the building with us, and they offered us that, saying we might as well take all that was going. We would have brought it along, too, if we had had a flat car to put it on. Alberta captured nearly 50 first prizes, 20 seconds, 3 thirds, 9 cups, 40 medals, 60 ribbons and 2 sweepstakes. The grand sweepstakes prize, for the best exhibit by state or province, a magnificent silver cup, was presented to us with much ceremony at a reception to the Canadians in the Empress hotel. The presentation was made by Prof. Olin, chairman of the judging committee, and the cup was received on behalf of the province by the Hon. Duncan Marshall."

The Difference.

"John M. Marlin," said a Chicago lawyer, in a eulogy of the late Supreme Court Justice, "had a way of pointing an observation with a story. Once he wanted to rebuke a man for exaggeration, so he said he was as bad as a Pittsburgh millionaire who was being interviewed by a New York reporter."

"Where, sir, were you born?" the reporter, as he sharpened his pencil, asked.

"I was born in Pittsburgh," said the millionaire.

"And when did you first—er—see the light of day?"

"When I was nine," the millionaire replied. "My people then moved to Philadelphia."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

It's humiliating to discover that the folks who we imagine despise us never even think of us!

The only female in the world who has no kick coming is the mermaid.





# Compliments of the Season

## A Christmas Story

by O. HENRY



HERE are no more Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted, and newspaper items, the next best, are manufactured by clever young journalists who have married early and have an engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for reasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources—facts and philosophy. We will begin with—whichever you choose to call it.

Children are pestiferous little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them we put to our wits' end. We exhaust our paltry store of consolation, and then beat them, sobbing, to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat-trap. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks, and shepherd dogs.

Now come the facts in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Tatterdemon, and the Twenty-fifth of December.

On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her rag doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and those rascals of the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little beings that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar, expensive toy instead of upon diamond-studded automobiles and pony phaetons.

The child grieved sorely and truly, a thing inexplicable to the Millionaire, to whom the rag-doll market was about as interesting as Bay State Gas; and to the Lady, the child's mother, who was all for form—that is, nearly all, as you shall see.

The child cried inconsolably, and grew hollow-eyed, knock-kneed, spindling, and corksily in many other respects. The Millionaire smiled and tapped his coffers confidently. The pick of the output of the French and German toy-makers was rushed by special delivery to the mansion, but Rachel refused to be comforted. She was weeping for her rag child, and was for a high protective tariff against all foreign foolishness. Then doctors with the finest bedside manners and stop-watches were called in. One by one they chattered futilely about peplum-gangrene of iron and sea voyages and hypophosphites until their stop-watches showed that Bill Renshaw was under the wire for show or place. Then, as men, they advised that the rag-doll be found as soon as possible and restored to its mourning parent. The child sniffed at their pieties, chewed a thumb, and waited.



The Child Grieved Sorely and Truly.

for her Betsy. And all this time car-bigrams were coming from Santa Claus saying that he would soon be here and enjoining us to show a true Christmas spirit and let up on the postroom and tontine policies and platoon systems long enough to give him a welcome. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas was diffusing itself. The banks were refusing loans, the pawnbrokers had doubled their gang of helpers, people bumped your shins on the streets with red shoes; Thomas and Jeremiah bubbled before you on the bare white you waited on one foot, holly-wreaths of hospitality were hung in windows of the stores, they who had 'em were getting out their furs. You hardly knew which was the heat in balls—three, high, moth, or snow. It was no time at that to lose the rag-doll of your heart.

If Doctor Watson's investigating friend had been called in to solve this mysterious disappearance he might have observed on the Millionaire's wall a copy of "The Vampire." That

would have quickly suggested, by induction, "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." "Flip," a Scotch terrier, next to the rag-doll in the child's heart, frisked through the halls. The hank of hair? Ah! X, the unfound quantity, represented the rag-doll. But the bone? Well, when dogs find bones they—Don't it were an easy and a fruitful task to examine Flip's fore foot. Look, Watson! Earth—dried earth between the toes. Of course the dog—But Sherlock was not there. Therefore it devolves. But topography and architecture must intervene.

The Millionaire's palace occupied a lordly space. In front of it was a lawn close-mowed as a South Ireland man's face two days after a shave. At one side of it and fronting on another street was a pleasurea trim-



He Sat Betsy on the Bar and Addressed Her Loudly and Humorously.

other street was a pleasurea trimmed to a leaf, and the garage and stables. The Scotch pup had ravished the rag-doll from the nursery, dragged it to a corner of the lawn, dug a hole, and buried it after the manner of careless undertakers. There you have the mystery solved, and no checks to write for the hydropathic wizard or flunkey notes to toss to the sergeant. Then let's get down to the heart of the thing, dreameo readers—the Christmas heart of the thing.

Fuzzy was drunk. Not riotously or helplessly or languidly, as you or I might get, but decently, appropriately, and inoffensively, as becomes a gentleman down on his luck.

Fuzzy was a soldier of misfortune. The road, the haystack, the park bench, the kitchen door, the bitter round of sleemosnary beds-with-shower-bath-attachment, the petty pickings and ignobly garnered largesse of great cities—these formed the chapters of his history.

Fuzzy walked toward the river, down the street that bounded one side of the Millionaire's house and grounds. He saw a leg of Betsy, the lost rag-doll, protruding, like the clue to a Lilliputian murder mystery, from its untimely grave in a corner of the fence. He dragged forth the maltreated infant, tucked it under his arm, and went on his way crooning a song of his brethren that no doll that has been brought up to the sheltered life should hear. Well for Betsy that she had no ears. And well that she had no eyes save unseeing circles of black; for the faces of Fuzzy and the Scotch terrier were those of brothers, and the heart of no rag-doll could withstand twice to become the prey of such farseeing monsters.

Though you may not know it, Grogan's saloon stands near the river and near the foot of the street down which Fuzzy traveled. In Grogan's, Christmas cheer was already rampant. Fuzzy entered with his doll. He fancied that as a mummer at the feast of Saturn he might earn a few drops from the wasall cup.

He set Betsy on the bar and addressed her loudly and humorously, seasoning his speech with exaggerated compliments and endearments, as one entertaining his lady friend. The loafers and bibbers around caught the farce of it and roared. The bartender gave Fuzzy a drink. Oh, many of us carry rag-dolls.

"One for the lady?" suggested Fuzzy impudently, and tucked another contribution to Art beneath his waistcoat.

He began to see possibilities in Betsy. His first night had been a success. Visions of a vaudeville circuit about town dawned upon him.

In a group near the stove sat "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and "One-ear" Mike, well and unfavorably known in the tough shooting district that blackened the left bank of the river. They passed a newspaper back and forth among themselves. The item that each sold and blunt for-

signer pointed out was an advertisement headed, "One Hundred Dollars Reward." To earn it, one must return the rag-doll lost, strayed, or stolen from the Millionaire's mansion. It seemed that grief still ravaged, unchecked, in the bosom of the too faithful Child. Flip, the terrier, capered and shook his shaggy whiskers before her, powerless to distract. She waited for her Betsy in the faces of walking, talking, ma-ma-ing, and eye-closing French Mabelles and Viollettes. The advertisement was a last resort.

Black Riley came from behind the stove and approached Fuzzy in his one-sided, parabolic way.

"The Christmas mummer, flushed with success, had tucked Betsy under his arm, and was about to depart to the filling of impromptu dates elsewhere.

"Say, Bo," said Black Riley to him, "where did you cop out dat doll?" "This doll?" asked Fuzzy, touching Betsy with his forefinger to be sure that she was the one referred to. "Why, this doll was presented to me by the Emperor of Belochistan. I have seven hundred others in my country home in Newport. This doll—"

"Cheese the funny business," said Riley. "You swiped it or picked it up at de house on de hill where—but never mind dat. You want to take fifty cents for de rags and take it quick. Me brother's kid at home might be wantin' to play wid it. Hoy—what?"

He produced the coin. Fuzzy laughed a gurgling, insolent, alcoholic laugh in his face. Go to the office of Sarah Bernhardt's manager and propose to him that she be released from a night's performance to entertain the Tackytown Lyceum and Literary Coterie. You will hear the duplicate of Fuzzy's laugh.

Black Riley gauged Fuzzy quickly with his blueberry eye as a wrestler does. His hand was itching to play the Roman and wrest the rag Sabine from the extemporaneous merry-andrew who was entertaining an angel unaware. But he refrained. Fuzzy was fat and solid and big. Three inches of well-nourished corporeity, defended from the winter winds by dingy linen, intervened between his vest and trousers. Countless small, circular wrinkles running around his coat-sleeves and knees guaranteed the quality of his bone and muscle.

His small, blue eyes, bathed in the moisture of altruism and woolzness, looked upon you kindly yet without abashment. He was whiskery, whiskily, fleshily formidable. So, Black Riley temporized.

"Well! you take for it, den?" he asked. "Money," said Fuzzy, with husky firmness, "cannot buy her."

He was intoxicated with the artist's first sweet cup of attainment. To set



"Money," Said Fuzzy With Husky Firmness, "Cannot Buy Her."

a faded-blue, earth-stained rag-doll on a bar, to hold mimic converse with it, and to find his heart leaping with the sense of plaudits earned and his throat scorching with free libations poured in his honor—could base coin buy him from such achievements. You will perceive that Fuzzy had the temperament.

Fuzzy walked out with the gait of a trained sealion in search of other cafes to conquer.

Though the dusk of twilight was hardly yet apparent, lights were beginning to spangle the city like pop-corn bursting in a deep skillet. Christmas eve, impatiently expected, was peeping over the brink of the hour. Millions had prepared for its celebration. Towns would be painted red. You, yourself, have heard the borne and dodged the capers of the Saturnallians.

"Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and "One-ear" Mike held a hasty conference outside Grogan's. They were narrow-chested, pallid striplings, not fighters in the open, but more dangerous in their ways of warfare than the most terrible of Turks. Fuzzy, in a pitched battle, could have eaten the three of them. In a go-as-you-please encounter he was already doomed.

They overlooked him just as he and Betsy were entering Costigan's Casino. They deflected him, and shoved the newspaper under his nose. Fuzzy could read—and more.

"Boys," said he, "you are certainly damn true friends. Give me a week to think it over."

The soul of a real artist is quenched with difficulty.

The boys carefully pointed out to him that advertisements were soul-



Fuzzy Entered the Millionaire's Gate and Zigzagged Toward the Softly Glowing Evidence of the Mansion.

less and the deficiencies of the day might not be supplied by the morrow.

"A cool hundred," said Fuzzy thoughtfully and mushily.

"Boys," said he, "you are true friends. I'll go up and claim the reward. The show business is not what it used to be."

Night was falling more surely. The three tagged at his sides to the foot of the ris on which stood the Millionaire's house. There Fuzzy turned upon them acrimoniously.

"You are a pack of putty-faced boogie-bounds," he roared. "Go away."

They went away—a little way.

In Pigeon McCarthy's pocket was a section of two-inch gas-pipe eight inches long. In one end of it and in the middle of it was a lead plug. One-half of it was packed tight with solder. Black Riley carried a slug-shot, being a conventional thug. "One-ear" Mike rolled upon a pair of brass knuckles—an heirloom in the family.

"Why fetch and carry," said Black Riley, "when some one will do it for you? Let him bring it out to us. Hey—what?"

"We can chuck him in the river," said "Pigeon" McCarthy, "with a stone tied to his feet."

"Youso guys make me tired," said "One-ear" Mike sadly. "Ain't progress ever appealed to none of yez? Sprinkle a little gasoline on 'em, and drop 'em on the Drive—well?"

Fuzzy entered the Millionaire's gate and zigzagged toward the softly glowing entrance of the mansion. The three goblins came up to the gate and lingered—one on each side of it, one beyond the roadway. They fingered their cold metal and leather, confident.

Fuzzy rang the door-bell, smiling foolishly and dreamily. An attyliste instinct prompted him to reach for the button of his right glove. But he wore no gloves; so his left hand dropped, embarrassed.

The particular mental whose duty it was to open doors to silks and taces smiled at first sight of Fuzzy. But a second glance took in his passport, his card of admission, his surty of welcome—the lost rag-doll of the daughter of the house dangling under his arm.

Fuzzy was admitted into a great hall, dim with the glow from unseen lights. The hiredling went away, and returned with a maid and the Child. The doll was restored to the mourning one. She clasped her lost darling to her breast; and then, with the inordinate selfishness and candor of childhood, stamped her foot and whined hatred and fear of the odious being who had rescued her from the depths of sorrow and despair. Fuzzy wriggled himself into an ingratiatory attitude and essayed the idiotic smile and blattering small talk that is supposed to charm the budding intellect

of the young. The Child bawled, and was dragged away, hugging her Betsy close.

There came the Secretary, pale, poised, polished, gliding in pumps, and worshipping pomp and ceremony. He counted out into Fuzzy's hand ten ten-dollar bills; then dropped his eye upon the door, transferred it to James, its custodian, indicated the obnoxious earner of the reward with the other, and allowed his pumps to wait him away to secretarial regions.

When the money touched Fuzzy's daisy palm his first instinct was to take to his heels; but a second thought restrained him from that blunder of etiquette. It was his; it had been given him. It—And, oh, what an elysium it opened to the gaze of his mind's eye! He had tumbled to the foot of the ladder; he was hungry, homeless, friendless, ragged, cold, drifting; and he held in his hand the key to a paradise of the mud-honey that he craved. The fairy doll had waved a wand with her rag-stuffed hand; and now wherever he might go the enchanted palaces with shining foot-rests and magic red fluids in gleaming glassware would be open to him.

He followed James to the door.

He paused there as the stinky drew open the great mahogany portal for him to pass into the vestibule.

Beyond the wrought-iron gates in the dark highway Black Riley and his two pals casually strolled, fingering under their coats the inevitably fatal weapons that were to make the reward of the rag-doll theirs.

Fuzzy stopped at the Millionaire's door and bett ought himself. Like little sprigs of mistletoe on a dead tree, certain living green thoughts and memories began to decorate his confused mind.

mad you, and the present was beginning to fade. Those wreaths and festoons of holly with their scarlet berries making the great hall gay—where had he seen such things before? Somewhere he had known polished floors and odors of fresh flowers in winter, and—some one was singing a song in the house that he thought he had heard before. Some one singing and playing a harp. Of course it was Christmas—Fuzzy thought he must have been pretty drunk to have overlooked that.

And then he went out of the present, and there came back to him out of some impossible, vanished and irrevocable past a little, pure-white, transient, forgotten ghost—the spirit of noblesse oblige. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve.

James opened the outer door. A stream of light went down the gravelled walk to the iron gate. Black Riley, McCarthy and One-ear Mike saw, and carelessly drew their sinister cordon closer about the gate.

With a more imperious gesture than James' master had ever used or could ever use, Fuzzy compelled the menial

to close the door. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve. Especially at this Christmas season.

"It is custom—customary When a Gentleman Calls on Christmas Eve to Pass the Compliments of the Season With the Lady of the House."

to close the door. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve. Especially at this Christmas season.

"It is custom—customary," he said to James, the flustered, "when a gentleman calls on Christmas eve to pass the compliments of the season with the lady of the house. You understand? I shall not move shtop till I pass compliments season with lady the house. Understand?"

There was an argument. James lost. Fuzzy raised his voice and sent it through the house unpleasantly. I did not say he was a gentleman. He was simply a tramp being visited by a ghost.

A sterling silver bell rang. James went back to answer it, leaving Fuzzy

in the hall. James explained somewhere to some one.

Then he came and conducted Fuzzy into the library.

The lady entered a moment later. She was more beautiful and holy than any picture that Fuzzy had seen. She smiled, and said something about a doll. Fuzzy didn't understand that; he remembered nothing at all about a doll.

A footman brought in two small glasses of sparkling wine on a stamped sterling-silver waiter. The lady took one. The other was handed to Fuzzy.

As his fingers closed on the slender glass stem his disabilities dropped from him for one brief moment. He straightened himself; and Time, as disabliging to most of us, turned backward for a moment to accommodate Fuzzy.

Forgotten Christmas ghosts whiter than the false beards of the most opulent Kries Kringle were rising in the fumes of Grogan's whisky. What had

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"Compliments Season With Lady The House."

the Millionaire's mansion to do with a long, vacantated Virginia hall, where the riders were grouped around a silver punch-bowl, drinking the ancient toast of the house? And why should the patter of the cab horses' hoofs on the frozen street be in any wise related to the sound of the added hunters stamping under the shelter of the west veranda? And what had Fuzzy to do with any of it?

The lady, looking at him over her glass, let her condescending smile fade away like a false dawn. Her eyes turned serious. She saw something beneath the rage and Scotch terrier whiskers that she did not understand. But it did not matter.

Fuzzy lifted his glass and smiled vacantly.

"Pardon, lady," he said, "but couldn't leave without exchanging compliments season with lady the house. 'Gainst princ'ples gentlemen do sho."

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the house when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

"The—the blessings of another year—"

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The lady prompted:

"Be upon this hearth."

"The guest—" stammered Fuzzy. "—And upon her who—" continued the lady, with a leading smile.

"Oh, cut it out," said Fuzzy, ill-manneredly. "I can't remember. Drink hearty."

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The lady smiled again the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley brathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate. Cold though he was, he did not think of deserting his post while Fuzzy remained inside.

"I wonder," said the lady to herself, musing, "who—but there were many who cause. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a blessing when after they have fallen so low."

Fuzzy and his escort were none at the door when the lady called "James!"

James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting unattended, with his brief spark of the divine fire utterly gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold foot and got a firmer grip on a his section of gas-pipe.

"You will conduct this gentleman," said the lady, "down-stairs. Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go."



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## WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYO BUNKER



HERE was once, in a far-away country, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the top.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest; however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. But for many long years they had never been heard. It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes.

Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They

knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stopped to look at it.

It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever wake her again. All this Pedro saw to a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment he stood up and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to church now, but when you come back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little piece of silver of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow. The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the walls shook with the sound, and Little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

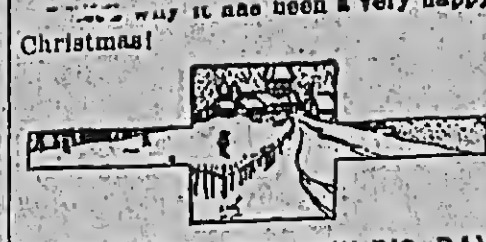
At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be



Safe Well Guarded.  
A remarkable new safe lock has been invented. It is provided with phonographic mechanism, so that it can be opened only by the voice of the owner. A mouthpiece like that of a telephone takes the place of a knob on the door, and this is provided with the usual style or needle, which travels in a groove in the sound record of the phonograph cylinder. Before the safe can be unlocked the password must be spoken into the original cylinder by the one who made the original record.

Striving Must Prevail.  
Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it? If a man can actually aspire, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—H. D. Thoreau

Why Green Is Used.  
Green was the color selected for banknotes because that color cannot be photographed.



## CHRISTMAS THE CHILD'S DAY

By Rev. Brandford Leavitt.  
Christmas is the child's day in the Christian year, and how this weary and uneasy world needs the child-like mind to save it from itself. What is more subtly fitted to the needs of a worn and dissipated world than the longing of all that is alive and fresh and unstained? It is the child in men who look for and love—again today the child is the savior that answers a smile with a smile, that responds to the confidence with confidence, ready to take you and me for what we would like to be and thus lifts us nearly to our ideal.

I have admired wit in men and influence and grace and beauty in women and I find also that one disturbs these, grows indifferent to them as he gets older and sadder and wiser, but loves in men and women the little child, longs for some one not to admire nor praise nor be charmed by, but some one to love so that loving shall be peace.

Our Gifts.  
As the Magi came bearing gifts, so do we also—gifts that relieve want; gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendship; gifts that breathe love; gifts that mean service; gifts inspired still by the star which shone over the City of David, nearly two thousand years ago.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Frightened by Santa Claus  
How the Dear Old Saint Carried Consternation into an African Mission House.

An amusing story of how Santa Claus frightened the black children at a mission station when he first appeared to them a few years ago, is told by the wife of a missionary stationed at Hallunda, Africa. They had celebrated Christmas at Hallunda before, but they never had had Santa Claus, so Mr. Stover, the missionary, dressed up as good Saint Nick.

"He had been padded and powdered and packed until his own mother would not have known him," Mrs. Stover afterward related. "Presently we gave the signal, the door flew open and in walked Santa Claus. But dear me! What consternation! He was greeted with shrieks and groans and cries of 'Let me out! It is the evil one. It is the day of judgment!'

The urethrus, catching the infection of terror from the older black people, fled to their bedrooms, fell down upon their faces, crept under chairs and tables—anywhere to hide themselves.

Poor old Santa Claus never had such a greeting before. As soon as he realized the panic he had caused, he tore off his tall hat and white cotton beard. Then from the bags on his back he began to throw gifts right and left and to tell who he was.

"Reassured once more, everyone was soon laughing and chatting, munching the great 'red breads' (doughnuts), tasting their fruits or nibbling at the sweets from the familiar little bags.

"It seemed as though everyone tried to talk louder than his neighbor as they examined the costume of Santa Claus, whom they now no longer feared. One man said that he thought it was John the Baptist, another that it was Elijah, returned. Yet another thought it was Satan himself, and all my sins rose up before me; while a fourth confessed, 'My only thought was to hide myself.'"

ON EARLY CHRISTMAS DAYS  
Quaint and Interesting Customs That Prevailed When the Church and Festival Were Young.

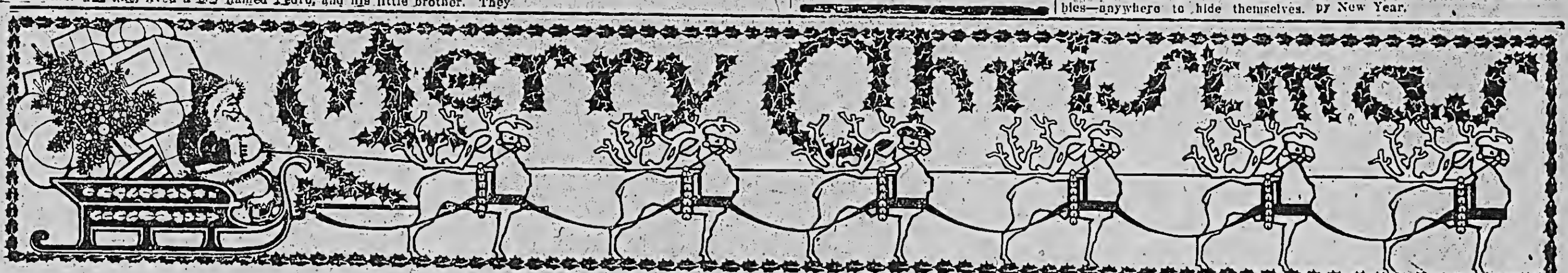
In the early days of the church, it is said that the bishops used to sing carols on Christmas day among their clergy, and around the sixteenth century the well-known practice observed by children of going around the neighborhood singing Christmas carols beneath the windows of the houses, was commonly observed, usually taking place on Christmas morning. One of the oldest and most beautiful of the Christmas carols that has come down to the present day open with these words:

"O! rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,  
Was born upon this day.  
To give us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray,  
O tidings of comfort and joy!  
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,  
Was born on Christmas Day!"

It is sometimes more appropriate to sing the Christmas carols on Christmas eve than on Christmas day, although they are sung at both times; but in England the choir of the village church used to go around to the principal houses in the parish and sing some of these simple hymns on Christmas eve regularly.

Frequently the singers were accompanied on some instrument and often the picture presented was a pretty one. The figures of the group of singers, only visible in the darkness by the lanterns they carried, and the sweet melody sung and played, made the observance a striking and beautiful one.

Sometimes in England, the carols were also sung in the churches in place of the usual psalms and hymns; although it was more customary for the clerk at the close of the service in a loud voice to wish all the congregation a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.



# Christmas Gifts

FROM

## CRAWFORD'S

### The Burlington Jeweler

Come to Burlington and see the latest. It is a privilege to show my beautiful Holiday stock, and you will oblige me by considering this a personal invitation to call and inspect my extensive line of

## Jewelry and Holiday Novelties

I can please you. Come and let me show you a variety of beautiful presents that will at once appeal to you as "Just The Thing." Merit, Quality and Fair Prices are waiting for you here.

L. J. CRAWFORD, The Leading Jeweler,  
BURLINGTON, WIS.

Car fare paid from Antioch, or nearer points, if your purchase amounts to \$10 or over.



# Their Christmas Guest

by Clarissa Mackie  
(Copyright)

THE red farmhouse was set in the midst of a white expanse of snow. The drooping elms protected the roof with widespread arms clothed in ermine and where the crisp wind had blown away the covering, the limbs were darkly sketched against the bright blue sky. A thin spiral of smoke drifted up from the big chimney and shimmered away into nothingness.

Loring tramped wearily up the path and turned the corner by the clump of boxwood where a little slide porch jutted out to the south. There was a window here filled with red geraniums and the brilliant color seemed to impart warmth to his benumbed body. The steps had been swept clear of snow and he was careful to scrape his boots before he knocked at the door.

The whirring of a sewing machine stopped suddenly and quick steps came across the floor. The door flew open and revealed two faces; that of Miss Anne, timidly expectant, and the fair face of the young girl, hopeful and eager.

"Oh!" they cried in unison and their voices betrayed bitter disappointment. "We thought it might be the expressman," added Anne in explanation. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," said Loring courteously as he bowed his head. "As a matter of fact, I came to beg a night's lodging. I have rather a bad knee and it's gone back on me in the midst of a long tramp. I wonder—"

"Come in," interrupted Anne hospitably. "It's bitter cold out to-day and the drifts are awful. We haven't as many fires as we used to keep, but you're welcome to sit and get thawed out."

Robert Loring entered the law-celled sitting-room where a small cylinder stove gave forth welcome heat in the center of the room. The corners seemed chill and dusky, but in the circle of warmth from the stove it was very comfortable. A sewing machine was drawn within the magic circle and there was a low rocking chair and beside it a huge work basket overflowing with bright bits of silk.

Anne pushed a big rocking chair close to the stove and motioned Loring into it. "Sit close to the fire and get thawed out. Grace will fetch you a glass of currant wine or maybe you'd rather have a cup of coffee?" She beamed hospitably at him over steel-rimmed spectacles that were the color of her silvery hair.

"I would say 'coffee' if it were not so much trouble," hesitated Loring. "It does seem an imposition for me to drop in on you in this manner, but as I was explaining—"

"It will be no trouble at all. Grace will be glad to make you a cup of coffee."

The fair-haired girl hastened to a tiny cupboard and brought out a small canister and a coffee pot. Miss Anne, excusing herself for a moment, rose and left the room. Loring watching the young girl's graceful movements was suddenly impressed by a painful fact. His hostesses were unmistakably poor. The girl had shaken the last grains of coffee into the pot and filling it with cold water placed it on the top of the cylinder stove. Then she stepped to and from the cupboard to table, laying a meal on a snowy cloth. There were fresh bread and butter, baked apples and some slices of cold ham.

When she had invited him to sit down, Loring arose with many apologies upon his lips. Just then the door opened to admit Miss Anne muffled in shawl and hood and trembling with agitation. She seemed to forget Loring's presence and her words were addressed to her niece.

"Grace—what do you think has happened? That—that—he's gone! Horrible! His hands flew to her face and the tears trickled between her fingers.

"Oh, Aunt Anne! The girl threw her arm around the older woman's shoulder. "Are you sure? Why? He was there not a half hour ago because I looked at him. How do you suppose he got away?"

"I guess somebody has taken him—he was so fat, too," Grace said. Miss Anne sank down in a chair and slowly removed her wraps. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid your coffee will get cold. Sit down and eat your supper, sir."

"Thank you," said Loring, as he obeyed. "I hope you are not in trouble, Miss Anne? Is there anything that I can do to make things right?"

Miss Anne surveyed him with approving eyes. All at once her eyes wrinkled pleasantly and she began to laugh. "Do you think you can discover who stole the white rooster we were going to have for our Christmas dinner? I had him penned up safely and I just went out now to have a look at him and he is gone—the hen house is empty."

"That is too bad. Can't I catch an

other one for you or was the white rooster especially fattened for the occasion?" asked Loring.

Miss Anne hesitated and looked at her niece. But the girl beamed with her bright smile did not lift her eyes; a faint color glowed in her cheeks. "There isn't another chicken about the place," said Miss Anne bluntly. "I may as well say, sir, that it was the last of my flock; that's why it is a disappointment to me."

Loring arose from his chair and reached for his overcoat. "Then it's my place to secure the country-side for one to take its place," he said firmly. "Please don't tell me not to—It's Christmas eve, you know, and there isn't a soul that expects me to do anything and I'd like to feel I was of some use at such a time. I won't return without a bird of some sort if I have to rob a roost myself."

Without waiting to hear their protests, Loring let himself out into the starlit night and plunged into the crisp snow.

Two hours afterward when he returned heavily laden, the windows of the farmhouse glowed pleasantly and seemed to offer a welcome. As he stamped the snow from his feet at the side door he heard Miss Anne's voice raised in warm approval.

"Well, now, Grace, I believe the poor fellow will be tickled to death to get that pin book he said he didn't have any folks—he seems honest enough."

Loring stumbled into the warm room and let his packages down on to the round table. He held his cold fingers to the heat. "I didn't find the white rooster, but I did corral the plump little white goose you ever saw; it's such a long time since I've prepared for Christmas that once started I couldn't stop, so I went on through the village and bought all the rest of the fixings—I hope you won't object—oh, well, Miss Anne—I shall just take my packages and have Christmas by myself in the woods."

Miss Anne's sensitive pride had prompted her to wave aside the proffered edibles, but as Loring replaced the packages in the basket she watched him all unconscious of the fact that her eyes were wet with tears. First went the plump goose and following it were turnips and potatoes, cranberries and onions and celery; a bag of white grapes; another of nuts and a large and tempting box of candy.

With his basket on his arm, Loring turned to the door. "I must thank you for your kindness," he said gravely.

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# At the Old Home

by Lawrence T. Berliner  
(Copyright)

STEARNS, the man of affairs, was a far different individual as a winter's evening found him deep in thought. A man of but little sentiment, was the way the world adjudged the financier. Yet there were whisperings of a youthful romance and early departure from home. No one ever dared broach the subject and it had long since been forgotten.

As Charles Stearns gazed into the fire in the library of his home, the flickering light seemed to recall days of the past. In fancy he saw again his boyhood home, his parents and acquaintances. How little they had been to him for so long a time!

Quarterly payments he had supplied to the old folks, yet he had never heeded the call they sent out for their only son.

As the man sat musing, he spoke aloud:

"I believe I am getting sentimental. I think I shall surprise the old folks and pay them a visit for Christmas."

A thought meant an act with Stearns. His mind once made up, it took much to change it. His decision to return to the farm for the holiday gave him pleasure. He could hardly await the time when he was to start.

He bought presents for the old folks. He remembered his father's delight in watches. One of the finest to be had went into the satchel for him. The silk for a new dress made up a portion of what he planned for his mother.

It was a long journey to the old homestead. The train sped onward and each moment made the man more anxious to see his people and the old place again. But suddenly a thought occurred to him and his face blanched. He had forgotten! Stella Harrington might still be there.

All the memories of the past were swept aside and he thought only of her.

Once she had promised to make him happy. As he thought of that time, he sighed deeply. She had altered his life when she changed her mind at the last and threw him over.

He recalled the years of his boyhood companions as they sneered their rough witticisms at him. It was the way of the country and he could not stand the finger of scorn and had fled. That was in the long ago and he had almost forgotten—until now.

As the train stopped at the little station on the hill it seemed as if he had left it only yesterday.

But now—where was George White, the old agent? A young man filled his place. The driver of the stage was another stranger. Old Eb Brown was also a thing of the past.

None knew the portly middle-aged man as he strode towards the coach that plied between station and town. There was a moment's pause, while the driver gathered the mail, as old Eb had done so many times, and they were off.

As the rig rattled over the rough roads the man within watched with interest the scenes of his youth. The town had changed little in the years that had passed.

When the coach paused at the old homestead the man's eyes filled with tears. A woman came from the house; mother and son were in each other's arms.

On the porch stood his father to welcome the man home. With misty eyes the united family stood. All hearts were full. The parents' hopes had been realized and the prodigal had come home.

"How could I have remained away so long?" he asked again and again as the old folks bustled about, trying to make him comfortable.

"And, Charlie, you are now a banker; they tell us," said his mother. "You, who left us so long ago, are the image of your father at your age."

"My boy," said his father, "it has been a long time since you went away, but we are mighty glad to have you back again."

The son's heart was too full for words. There was one question he would like to ask but the words refused to come.

"Charlie," questioned his mother, "have you ever seen Stella since the day you went away? I know I ought not to speak of this, but I must."

"Mother!" All a boy's anguish came forth in that word. As of yore he buried his face in the parent's lap and sobbed.

She stroked his now thinning locks and the touch was magical. Why had he lost his parents for so many years? His joy was too much, too good, to last.

"I have never seen her," he said at last; "never since the day she promised to be my wife and then as promptly refused to marry me."

"My boy, boy, do you remember the one that wore the—"

"She never told me just what he said, but it was enough to make her throw you over. You would never come back and she was too proud to write."

"Where is Stella now, mother?" asked the man.

"She lives in the old place by the creek. Charlie, you remember it—will all the apple trees behind the house?"

Well did the man remember the orchard where he had spent the autumn evening with his sweetheart.

That evening found Stearns walking toward the creek. "I wonder how the old place looks," he thought.

There was the old-fashioned house, the porch with the low steps. Everything was as if the old days were still there.

A figure moved about in the parlor. He knew well where the parlor was. He heard the organ. It was Stella's favorite air. He paused and his eyes filled with tears as he heard that voice again.

Slowly he ascended the steps and pulled the bell. The playing stopped and he heard footsteps. The door opened and the light of the hall streamed upon his face.

It was evident that the woman failed to recognize him, for she looked askance as he spoke.

"Is this Stella Harrington?" he began, but the sound of his voice made her start.

"Charles Stearns, have you come back?" she gasped, and followed him into the room.

"So, Stella, you are keeping house alone now! You—you have not changed very much, either," he said earnestly.

He saw that her once golden tresses were streaked with gray, yet much of the youthful beauty remained and he found his heart quickening as he gazed at the woman.

"And you are the great banker they would have us believe—little Charlie Stearns, who used to be my tease at school?"

Neither had touched on the subject which seemed to be in the minds of both. At last the man could remain silent no longer.

"Stella, my mother has just told me why you changed your mind so many years ago. Why did you not tell me then?" he asked.

"Because I was too proud. When I found that he had lied, it was too late."

"Charles Stearns, Have You Come Back?"

You had left home and no one knew where. I thought if you had really cared you would have come back," said Stella.

"And I have come back, my girl. Just what brought me here this Christmas I cannot realize, but I know I am glad to be back."

"And your parents—how happy they must be to have you with them again," she said. "Now, they can enjoy Christmas in the old way—just you three together."

"Stella, you are all alone. Won't you come to our house for dinner to-morrow? Let us celebrate in a modern way, and it will make the old folks so happy."

"Only the old folks—" she began, but the big man silenced her as he grasped her hands and said:

"Stella, I ask you what you refused me so many years ago. Will you be my wife? You are alone in the world and I want you."

"Charles, it is not out of pity you ask me this?" she questioned.

"No, dear girl, it is because my heart has been hungry for something all these years, and I did not realize until now that it was you I needed."

It was indeed a modern Christmas celebration at the old home. The parents turned away as they saw the younger pair under the mistletoe, so aptly hung by the thoughtful mother.

Yuletide in Australia.

In striking contrast to our own is the Christmas Day kept by our kinsfolk in Australasia. No snow or blazing log; no holly or mistletoe; only a bright sky, green trees, parched grass, and a blazing sun. Christmas is so inseparably associated by us with a cozy seat in front of a roaring fire that we can hardly realize our Christmas dinner on a veranda beneath a brilliantly blue sky, with every flowering plant in full bloom. But, down yonder, picnics and garden parties are the order of the day. Many a delightful excursion into the country is arranged by the Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and other townspeople, and Christmas Day is kept right merrily, far into the summer night.

# Molly's Christmas Dinner

by Temple Bailey  
(Copyright)

HI but you couldn't really," Molly cried, incredulously.

"Yes, I can," Mrs. Phelps insisted.

She had a fancy to see how this pretty creature would take the men of her set.

"I can lead you a gow and a hat and wrap, and you can take Vera Patterson's place. She has just telephoned that her cold is worse, and that she can't be with us for Christmas dinner."

"I'd love it," Molly's eyes were like stars. "But—"

"There are no 'buts,'" Mrs. Phelps said calmly. "If I choose to add another guest to my Christmas dinner no one can possibly object."

"I've never dined in any of the big hotels," Molly confessed. "Terry wanted to make me once, but I couldn't—not in my old clothes."

"I don't see why you don't have some nice gowns," Mrs. Phelps said.

She had taken a fancy to her little seamstress; the girl's youth and beauty made her different from the usual cut-and-dried splinters who work by the day.

"You could go around a lot if you had the things to wear."

Molly shook her head. "There are mother and father and Billy and Babe," she said. "I have to help out with the family expenses, and I mustn't spend everything on myself."

"So you just sit at home and stagnate," Mrs. Phelps complained.

Molly laughed. "Oh, Terry takes me out now and then."

"Who is Terry?"

"Well, he's a very nice boy who likes me," Molly confessed.

"And I suppose you'll marry him and be poor the rest of your life," was Mrs. Phelps' comment. "You're very silly, Molly."

Molly began to wonder if she wasn't silly. Here was an opportunity staring her in the face. Opportunity to meet rich men, opportunity to wear beautiful clothes.

"Do you really want me to go to your dinner?" she asked, half timidly.

"Of course," Mrs. Phelps said; "and I want you to try on the gown now."

It was a wonderful gown of white chiffon with the hem heavy with silver. There was a twist of white tulle which banded Molly's red-gold hair, with a silver rose at the side. The slippers were silver, and a little locket on Molly's tiny feet.

"They can be tied on with ribbons," Mrs. Phelps decided, "and they won't show under that long skirt."

In front of the long mirror Molly saw a wonderful vision.

Mrs. Phelps brought from a box a long wrap of lace and ermine and rose-colored velvet.

"I was afraid that color wouldn't go with your hair," she said, "but it gives you distinction, after all."

On her way home, Molly clothed in her shabby suit, Molly told Terry about it.

"She is going to give a Christmas dinner at the Belvidere," she said, "and one of her guests has disappointed her. She wants me to take her place, and I'm going to do it, Terry."

Terry's face fell. "Then you won't have dinner with us," he said. "We'll miss you, Molly."

"Oh, but it's my opportunity," her face was glowing. "Think of the people I'll meet."

He did think of the people she would meet, as he tramped home alone in the cold twilight. Terry knew something of the world, something of the men who would be at that dinner.

Babe and Billy protested strongly when they learned that Molly, the light of the household, was to spend her Christmas evening away from them.

"It will spoil all our fun," they said. "Terry will be here," Molly told them. "Mother has planned a late dinner, because he has to work part of the day."

She felt a little conscience-stricken, however, as she left them, and not until she had donned the beautiful gown at Mrs. Phelps' could she put the thought of their fearful faces out of her mind.

It was a wonderful experience to ride through the streets in the limousine, wrapped in the rose-colored cloak, with a great bunch of valley lilies in her hand. She felt like a princess. She had the air of a princess, too, as she swept through the wide corridor of the hotel, following Mrs. Phelps.

Her pleasure was ended, however, when she met the other guests and sat down at the big round table. There was a confusing display of knives and forks and spoons, but her native wit prevented any awkwardness.

It was the man on each side of her, however, who alarmed her. Molly had never been at a loss for a word of

a gay retort until now. But the people around her lived in a world of their own. They talked of sports, of places of which Molly knew nothing. She didn't know that her pretty, blushing shyness charmed the multimillionaire at her left and piqued the curiosity of the ambassador on her right. She was uncomfortable and self-conscious as she tried to fit her stammering little phrases to this new environment.

Gradually, as she gained poise, she confessed to herself that she was having a very stupid time. It wasn't a bit like Christmas; although the color scheme of the table was green and red, there was no holly, no mistletoe, just gorgeous American beauties and wide satin ribbons. She had a vision of the table set in the shabby dining room at home. In the center would be a great bunch of holly, and above it would hang a little wax angel. At one end she saw her father, his knife cutting through the crackling brown of the turkey's breast. The delicate fare of the hotel paled in comparison to her mother's cooking. At home there would be large helpings of mashed potatoes and turnips and gravy. The cranberry sauce would be served in big dishes.

As they drove home together, Mrs. Phelps said: "You were a success, my dear. If you will let me, I'll bring you out. Perhaps you will make a grand marriage. It would be a great thing for a girl like you."

Molly's response was not enthusiastic. She did not like to appear ungrateful, but she had had a most unhappy time. She had been a stranger in a strange land.

When she had changed her dress Mrs. Phelps sent her home in her car. Terry met her at the door. Back of him was the red light of the dining-room lamp. Babe and Billy fell on her neck and welcomed her, and father and mother smiled in the back-ground.

Molly had gifts for all of them. The lilies went on the center of the table, and she had tied up candles and almonds in the corner of her handkerchief. "I had an awful time hiding them," she confessed, "but I knew how you'd like them."

She had a red rose for Terry. "The multimillionaire gave it to me," she said. "Mrs. Phelps wants me to marry him."

Terry looked at her with his heart in his eyes, but he didn't say a word

"The Multimillionaire Wants to Meet You Again."

Was Molly going to be swallowed up in that strange world, where men had millions and didn't have to work? But Molly was demanding some of her mother's turkey.

"I hardly ate a thing at dinner," she said. "It was awful sitting up there and having people stare at me."

They brought it to her with delight and she had to taste a little bit of everything and praise it.

When it was time for Terry to go she went with him to the front door and they stood for a moment under the stars.

"Will you be going back to them?" Terry asked, jealously.

"Why should I?" Molly asked. "You couldn't go with me, could you, Terry?"

The next morning, when Molly went back to her sewing, Mrs. Phelps said: "The multimillionaire wants to meet you again. When shall we plan for it, Molly?"

"Never," said Molly calmly. "I am going to marry Terry, and then I won't have any time for multimillionaires, will I?"

Why We Rejoice.

In the manger at Bethlehem was cradled the hope of the world. That is why Christmas is the universal festival. That is why the world rejoices. But the manger must be interpreted largely. In the babe is the promise of the man and the Savior. It is not the birth alone that makes the gospel; it is also the life, the passion, the death, the resurrection, the ascension. Christmas carries all this in its happy content. There is the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, who leadeth His flock to green pastures and beside still waters and whose honor and good name are pledged to His leading us in ways of righteousness and paths of peace, and there is the promise of Jesus that He will be with us "all the days" even unto the end of the world. It is because of these aspects of the Christ life and because of these assurances that the world rejoices and will rejoice.

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me to sue for a g  
"Take the case to  
immediate trial."



# WILLIAMS BRO'S. ANTIOCH STORE

In selecting your Holiday goods consider the class which for years we have represented.

Pillsbury xxxx flour, Chase Sanborn's famous teas and coffees, Monarch brand groceries and canned goods, National Biscuit Co., bread, cakes and crackers, Garland Stove heaters and ranges, Coles hot blast heaters and ranges, Standard Oil Co., perfection oil heating and cooking stoves, Standard Oil Co., Rayo lamps brass or nickel finish, Jewell gasoline stoves and ranges, Selz Schwab and Co., shoes and rubbers, black cat hosiery, white cat underwear, American field fencing Devoe's paints and varnishes, Hibbard Spencer Bartlett and Co., O. V. B., hardware, plated ware, cutlery and tools, John V. Farwell Co., dependon Brand dry goods.

From the above goods we classify a few articles which may assist you in making your Holiday Selections.

FATHER	MOTHER	CHILDREN
Card cases, bill holders, neck ties and pipe holders, smoker's sets, ash trays, military and shaving sets, fountain pens, ink wells, mufflers, suspenders, garters, dash lamps and reflectors.	Hand bags, pocket books, mirrors, toilet sets, fancy combs, hat pins, jewell boxes, pin cushions, drawn work centerpieces, towels, aprons, carving sets, casseroles, carpet sweepers, washing machines, wringer, Rayo lamps.	Doll beds, cradles, tin and china dishes, trunks, doll furniture, wash tubs, wringer, clothes bars, ironing boards, dolls, doll carriages, flat irons, laundry sets, work boxes, books, games, tumble-in, tumbleouts, and trinity chimes.
BOYS	GIRLS	BABIES
Skates, sleds, air guns, express wagons, bugles, flutes, drums, saving banks, spring tops, watches, glockenspiels, accordions, ten pens, checkers, sail boats, jack knives, base ball supplies, fishing tackle, steel traps, gloves, neck scarfs, sweaters, and alarm clocks.	Gloves, handkerchiefs, boxes, toilet, manicure sets, fancy box paper, Books, perfume, face powder, scarfs, veils, aprons and stamped linens. We have a choice collection of books from standard authors many of them gems of English Literature.	Rattlers, rubber dolls cum bac's, balls, wooly dogs, rag dolls, cry babies, jumping jacks, blocks, balls, infant comb sets, knit sacques, shoes, bracelets and pins.

You all know the goods represented above are first class, reliable in every respect they will add to your Health, Wealth and Happiness not only Christmas or New Year but every day in the year. WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS ALSO A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Williams Bro's. Antioch Store





# Guests At Yule

Edmund  
Clarence  
Stedman

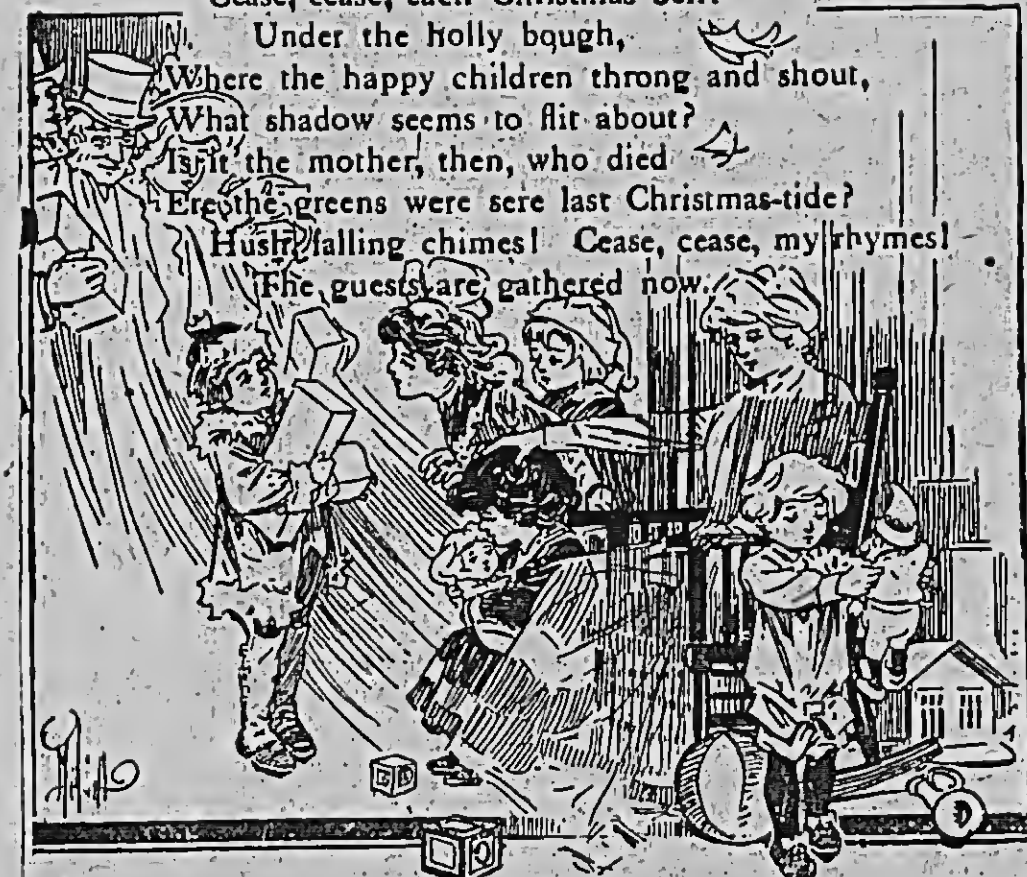


## NOEL-NOEL

Thus sounds each Christmas bell  
Across the winter snow  
But what are the little footprints all  
That mark the path from the churchyard wall  
They are those of the children who wake tonight  
From sleep by the Christmas bells and light  
Ring sweetly, chimes! Soft, soft, my rhymes!  
Their beds are under the snow.

Noel, Noel!  
Carols each Christmas bell  
What are the wraiths of mist  
That gather near the window-pane  
Where the winter frost all day has lain?  
They are soulless elves, who vain would peer  
Within, and laugh at our Christmas cheer  
Ring fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes!  
They are made of the mocking mist

Noel, Noel!  
Cease, cease, each Christmas bell!  
Under the holly bough,  
Where the happy children throng and shout,  
What shadow seems to flit about?  
Is it the mother, then, who died  
Ere the greens were set last Christmas-tide?  
Hush! falling chimes! Cease, cease, my rhymes!  
The guests are gathered now.



## Christmas Customs.

It is interesting to trace the origin of festival customs to those connected with Druidical superstitions of classic observances, and it will surprise many to learn that present-day sports very closely resemble the celebrations observed of old in honor of Saturn or Bacchus.

The Roman Saturnalia, which occurred in the winter solstice, were a season of great festivity and rejoicing, honored by many privileges and exemptions. The spirit of gaiety had free charter, and even quarrels were suspended, to be resumed after the holidays.

As a manifestation of the gratitude felt at the renewed prospects of the returning march of the sun, gifts were exchanged and special hymns were sung. These latter were really the Roman representatives of the modern carol.

At the Saturnalia the Roman feasted, sang and danced, as we do at Christmas. A ruler or king was appointed, who enjoyed certain prerogatives. He presided over the sports of the season. Probably he is the ancestor of the lord of misrule, who exercised a similar power in more recent times.

Merriment was a matter of general concern, and the joyous spirit of entire districts is now narrowed to family parties.

It is the touch that makes the whole world kin, and it is a pleasant reminder that, after all, history repeats itself.

## Not Blessed.

The presents you forget to give to others who don't forget to give to you are not so blessed.

# Christmas Legends

ALL around the season of the Coming of Love as a little Child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious clime, which testify with subtlety to the depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and there sweet human tenderness and pathos appear, and, blended, they evidence the world's belief that this was both Son of Man and Son of God.

An Irish legend tells that, on Christmas eve, the Christ-Child wanders out in the darkness and cold, and the peasants still put lighted candles in their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way to their homes. And in Hungary the people go yet further in their tenderness for the Child, they spread feasts and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch any child who is born on Christmas eve.

The legend which tells how the very bay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living red blossoms at midwinter at the touch of the Babe's body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through the Lord of Life.

## The Holy Thorn.

It is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glastonbury, which blossomed every Christmas, and, so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of Arimathea, having come as apostle to Britain, and landing at Glastonbury, had stuck his staff of dry hawthorn into the soil, commanding it to put forth leaves and blossoms. This the staff straightway did, and thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which preached life from death.

The holy thorn of Glastonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those times it was uprooted; but several persons had had trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those continued to bloom at the Christ-season, just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had blossomed. And about the middle of the 18th century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not deign to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force but would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas day!

In those days the anniversary of the advent of the Babe had certainly meant more to the common people than merely a time for feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy observances, for they refused to go to church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that Old Christmas day should also be kept sacred as before. Only another story of man's weak, superstitious minds? True, perhaps; but they are better who evidence some spiritual weakness than those who wallow in the wholly material, and when we cease to be careful of the cup and the platter, we become not over careful of their contents.

## The First Christmas Rose.

NOTHING of the legend of the Christmas rose, and it tells how good things, fit for giving, spring up ready to the hand which earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor that she had nothing to give to the Babe to whom kings brought wealth from afar, and, as she stood, longing and mourning, and angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow, and lo! on obeying the maiden found that a new flower had miraculously sprung up and blossomed at her needs. Every since then, runs this story, this exquisite flower, with its snowy petals just touched by suggestions of pinkish bloom, is to be found at this season; and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully-spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless innocence, whose heart was the vessel of love.

## Christmas Eve Legends.

HERE are several exceedingly touching legends concerning bells, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a village near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village, which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas, the bells of the buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend is told of Preston, in Lancashire, and yet another and more moving one comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Beon was notorious for its black and shameless sins, as well as renowned for its beauty and magnificence. To the Sodom of the middle ages came our Savior on one anniversary of his birth, and went as a beggar from door to door, but not one at all that Christmas keeping city gave the Master of the abundance. Sin he saw rampant on every side, but not

a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called to the sea, which, as of old, obeyed his voice, and Beon, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight, beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet calling of church bells buried in Beon. It is a legend which appears to tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to his service, is ever wholly lost from him and alienated from service; that ever and again something of their inherent beauty and compelling sweetness rises from the depths through all seeming ruin.

## The Manger.

RADITION declares that within the stone manger there was another one of wood, and that the stone cradle in the Chapel of the Nativity is, indeed, the outer manger. Splendid is that humble stone trough now with white marble, softly rich with costly draperies, and radiant with a silver star, which is surrounded by 16 lamps, ever alight. But yet more glorious is the wooden manger at Rome, held to be the veritable manger in which the Christ-child lay. It was removed to Rome in the seventh century, during the Mohammedan invasion of the Holy Land, and there it is preserved in a strong brazen chest, from which it is brought forth on Christmas days, when it is placed on the Grand Altar. It is mounted upon a stand of silver, which is laid with gold and gems, and the shrine in which it rests is of purest rock crystal. In the days in which this was accomplished men, whatsoever may have been their shortcomings in other directions, gave magnificently to the Church Visible.

## Christmas Bells.

RADITION says that the hour of the Babe's birth was the hour of midnight, and legend adds that from then until dawn cocks crow. In Ireland it is held that whoso looks into a mirror on this eve will see the devil or Judas Iscariot looking over his shoulder, surely thought sufficient to drive the hardest soul to a thought of the innocent Babe.

Another legend tells that, on Christmas eve, Judas Iscariot is released from that hell—"his own place"—and is allowed to return to earth that he may cool himself in icy waters.

## What Christmas Means.

Christmas means hope and its realization. The child grows eagerly expectant as the time approaches for the visit of Santa Claus. While this fiction remains unquestioned, the imagination opens new and wider worlds, and ideals become so much a part of the mind that the prosaic and commonplace can never crush them. Until the youth reaches manhood and independence, Christmas is the happiest day of the year. Its gifts and hearty good cheer impress faith, affection, parental thoughtfulness and brotherly love. The duldest and most irresponsible of fathers and mothers are uplifted to a vision of higher life by the interchanges of sentiments and the merry meeting with children and grandchildren at the table and fireside. Few can escape and all enjoy the meaning of the festival, the lessons it conveys and the inspiration it gives, and we enter upon a brighter future and a fuller appreciation of the beneficence of the practice of faith, hope and charity. The loved ones, who have crossed to the other side, the loved near and far who are still with us, the old homestead with its precious memories, the old church whose sacred associations tie together childhood, maturity and age, love, marriage and death; the schoolhouse where the beginnings of education were so painful, and the ever-increasing pleasures of the pursuit of learning through the high school, academy and college are recalled and rectified, and there is exquisite delight in these oft-told tales, and new experiences enliven this blessed anniversary.—Leslie's Weekly.

## First Christmas Observance.

Christmas gets its name from the mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization having been ordered by Pope Telesphorus. This was in or before the year 138, for in that year Pope Telesphorus died.

At first Christmas was what is known as a movable feast, just as Easter is now, and owing to misunderstandings was celebrated as late as April or May. In the fourth century an ecclesiastical investigation was ordered, and upon the authority of the tables of the caesars in the Roman archives December 25 was agreed upon as the date of the Savior's nativity. Tradition fixed the hour of birth at about midnight, and this led to the celebration of a midnight mass in all the churches, a second at dawn and a third in the later morning.

# The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning, And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kiddies will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking, And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait. Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), Let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmas tide; Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling, Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, concern 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating Of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here; Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping, Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; Crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging Mob, with parcels overlaid; reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stoic showed endurance more heroic Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of harter with the courage of a martyr; Now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime. Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again, Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain, That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry, Least some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and Now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hall to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason To be gleeful at thy advent—the beginning of the end, As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly, Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unkind, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!

Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning, And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when the gewgaws gleam and glitter, Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, Looking blissful over dewdads that we didn't want at all.

Ab, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming— As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties, And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother. When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behooves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating, When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint, To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected, And our princely beneficence hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered, And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum, Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).

Thank the Giver if we're able to sit 'round a well-strewn table, Where the plump, white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room, And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice, and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plateful, Grateful for the pepsi tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our mercies if there's cola left in our purses. Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

(Copyright, 1911, Western Newspaper Union)

## CHRISTMAS IS A PROPHECY

It Forecasts the Perfect Social Conditions Which Will Fulfill the Promises of Christ.

Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the one sacred festival in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day, surpassing all the brightest social dreams that have ever visited the most advanced human mind. He springs on His human nature side, from kings and peasants, from saints and sinners. He is yet to lift every peasant to the kingliest throne of character and transform the chief of sinners into the holiest of saints. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all

its "ills, from the world, and to give to a common humanity their rightly sovereign. He worked with hands for His daily bread. He is to dignify and glorify in the th of mankind all honest toil. A ored woman with His sympathy appreciative regard. He is love her from every form created by the past age. Little children in His arms them. He is yet to a child life in every He gave His peace disciples. He is cease unto the united His by His Father. He is yet to or to his his Father



# HOLIDAY GREETING

## C. G. FOLTZ CO. BURLINGTON, WIS.

Every reader of the Antioch News know the firm name of C. G. Foltz Co.--a firm that has passed 54 years of successful business--a firm that aims to buy the best quality of merchandise in every line their business represents. A firm that sells their merchandise at as close a price as it is possible to carry on a successful business. A firm that guarantees and stands back of every item going out of their store to give entire satisfaction.

You will at all times find the most complete stock of goods--our able clerks will help you in every way possible to fill your wants. The train service to Burlington, Wis., is the best desired. You leave Antioch at 10:35 and return at 4:36. We recommend the Burlington stores in all lines as progressive, carrying the newest and latest, and one thing Burlington is known for--being a town of LOW PRICES. Many important lines are given below.

### Winter Cloaks

All our Ladies and Childrens Cloaks greatly reduced prices. We hope to close out every cloak before January 1st.

### Furs

Men's Fur Coats, Ladies Fur sets or single pieces. Children's sets. You need not worry if you buy your furs from us for we guarantee our furs for satisfaction.

### Neck Wear

Ladies and Men's. All kinds of Ties. Beautiful Holiday Ties at 25c, 50c and 75c. See our Fancy Suspenders.

### Blankets

Woolen and cotton. It is not possible for any merchant to offer you better blankets than we are offering for the low prices asked.

### Clothing

Men's and Boy's Suits and Overcoats. We are giving our January Discount on Winter Clothing Now. We want to sell you Clothing.

### Sweaters

Men's, Ladies' and Childrens. The best line made "The Bradley." What is better for a Christmas present than a grand, good Sweater.

### Fancy Goods

Our own make Aprons, Knit Facinators and Caps. Best in Gloves and Mittens. Thousands of Handkerchiefs. Store full of good Holiday Goods.

### Drapery Goods

We carry a stock of Drapery Goods large enough for a city of 20,000. We buy all Draperies direct from manufacturers. We got the best. We sell cheapest.

### Furs Caps and Gloves

Fur Caps and Gloves just the thing to give a man for Christmas. We are offering unusual values.

### Dress Goods

See our Jamestown Dress Goods. The best that money can buy at 50c, 75c, 1.00 and 1.25. Our stock of Dress Goods is large.

### Leather Goods

Grips and Handbags of all kinds. A big line of Ladies' Handbags. Low prices on Leather Pillow tops.

### Rugs

Big and little. Direct from manufacturers. We offer better values and for less money than most stores can offer.

### Fancy Linens

All kinds of art pieces. Stamped patterns. Pillow tops, Fancy Towels. Prices are very low.

### Pictures

Visit our Picture Department. Hundreds of pictures to see, from 15c to 1.00. Call and see our Holiday Pictures.

To the people of Antioch we extend the greeting of the Christmas and New Year Time. We urge all to get in touch with the best of merchandise at right prices. Come to Burlington and do your trading with

## C. G. FOLTZ CO.

"I mean ner."  
"He makes it for proceed steak."

"You I physician like your that--"  
"But, do a motor of Don't bi the other."

"As a law me to sue h Take the immediate tri



# Waukegan's Greatest Christmas Store

Just think! Christmas is but little more than a week away. Soon the jingle of Old Santa's bells will be heard and every home will be in the scene of rejoicing and merriment. Don't wait until the last few days to buy; start now, and thus avoid the large hurrying crowds. Our three spacious floors are filled to overflowing with suitable gifts for Xmas--- things to make the hearts of dear ones happy; appropriate presents for each sex---the young and old. Our elaborate display will prove a material benefit to those who are undecided, while the immensity of various gift lines insures quick and satisfactory choosing.

## Jolly Old Santa Will be Here Saturday and Every Day Until Christmas

Here is good news for all you boys and girls: Jolly Old Santa has written us a letter saying that he would be at the Globe Saturday and remain with us until Christmas. He will arrive over the Northwestern at 9:35 a. m. We're going to be at the depot to welcome and escort him to the Globe. He will deliver a speech in front of the store and tell you all about his home at the North Pole, then he will show you children through Toyland. But the best part of all is this:

### He Will Have a Souvenir for Each One of You

This souvenir consists of a large button to pin on your coat. It shows old Santa ready to go down the chimney. Santa Claus wants to see everyone of you boys and girls Saturday, so don't disappoint him.

### Toyland is Heaping Full of Toys, Dolls, Games and Books

Dressed Dolls, 10c to \$15.00	Iron trains, 25c to 2.98	Games, 5c to 1.00
Undressed Dolls, 10c to \$18.00	Sleds and coasters, 25c to 4.50	Swords, 25c to 50c
Toy dishes, 25c to \$2.48	Pianos, 25c to 4.98	Saving banks, 10c to 2.48
Toy trunks, 15c to \$2.48	Doll beds, 25c to 2.98	Drums, 25c to 98c
Express wagons, 50c to \$4.98	Steel yachts, 15c to 2.48	Story and picture books 5c to 98c
Toy furniture, 15c to \$2.48	Plush horses, 25 to 9.00	Building blocks, 10c to 98c
Rolly dolly toys, 10c to 98c	Steel ranges, 25c to 3.48	Printing press, 98c to 7.98
Writing desks, \$1.25 to \$4.98	Doll carts, 25 to 8.50	Iron toys, 10c to 4.98
Magic lanterns, 25c to \$6.98	Steam engines, 25c to 8.50	Guns, 25c to 1.49
Blackboards, 25c to \$2.98	Train on track, 25 to 3.98	Rubber balls, 10c to 60c

#### Give Gloves

THE GLOBE SPECIAL—This is positively the best \$1.00 kid glove on the market; comes in all colors, two clasp and is guaranteed pair. **\$1.00**

MOCHA GLOVES—One clasp silk lined, Mocha gloves, gray and brown, pair. **\$1.50**

MISSIE'S KID GLOVES—Two clasp, come in all desired colors, pair. **\$1.00**

### Toilet Sets, Manicuring Sets and Other Gifts

What a host of sensible gifts you will find in our fancy goods department. Gifts that will surely please the recipient because of their usefulness and attractiveness. A noteworthy feature of this immense display is the reasonableness of prices.

TOILET SETS \$2.48—An attractive set consisting of comb, brush and mirror, celluloid back, gold trimmings, nicely boxed. **\$2.48**

TOILET SETS \$1.98—An attractive three piece set comprising brush and mirror, attractive celluloid back with gold trimmings. **\$1.98**

MILITARY SETS \$1.48—No gift will please him more, ebony back with silver trimmings, good brushes, attractively boxed. **\$1.48**

BRUSH SETS \$1.25—Consisting of a clothes and hat brush, cocoabo or ebony back with silver trimmings, fine bristles. **\$1.25**

MANICURE SETS \$2.98—A seven piece set in an elegant leather box, prettily lined, the pieces have ebony back with silver trimmings. **\$2.98**

SHAVING SETS—Newest designed shaving outfit, consists of adjustable stand mirror, nickel plated, beveled glass, porcelain shaving mug attachment, emeral hair brush. **\$2.98**

#### Boxed Stationery

Stationery makes as nice a present as you can give and is not expensive. Our line of boxed stationery is unusually attractive and ranges in price from 15c to **\$2.98**

At 50c. Fancy boxed stationery, four dozen envelopes and four dozen sheets of paper, fine Irish linen, handsomely boxed. **50c**

#### Give Her a Hand Bag

Nothing will please a lady more than to receive a nice handbag. It's a practical gift and one that can be purchased at a moderate cost. Our new Xmas line is unusually extensive and is comprised of the newest shapes in various genuine seal, goat seal and alligator leathers. They're leather lined and have leather handles, while some are fitted with miniature toilet sets. Prices range **50c. to \$15.**

#### She'll Appreciate Slippers

WOMEN'S COMFY SLIPPERS, Blue and gray felt, leather covered, cushion soles, also felt slippers with flexible leather soles, a pleasing gift at **95c.**

#### Handkerchiefs Always Please

AT 10c. Dainty embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped edge; others of pure linen and plain hemstitched; values that cannot be equalled at the price, choice. **10c**

AT 15c. Handsome Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped or hemstitched edge, some lace trimmed, others of pure linen and hemstitched, each. **15c**

AT 25c. Extra fine Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, scalloped and hemmed edge, some with Japanese drawn work and others pure linen with initials at... **25c**

#### For Hubby or Sweetheart

DRESS SHIRTS—What is more sensible than to give a gentleman a shirt for Christmas? We show a line of plaid shirts in plain white and fancy at from \$2.50 to **\$1**

NECKWEAR—A man can never have too many ties. We show a beautiful new line made up in the newest shapes of handsome figured silk, neatly boxed, special values \$1.75 and **50c**

MUFFLERS—A beautiful selection of mufflers, the newest shapes, made of the finest silk, \$5.00 to **50c**

COMBINATION SETS, consisting of fancy suspenders, garters and arm bands, attractively boxed. **75c**

#### Perfumery

AT 25c—A one ounce bottle of Colgate's perfume, all odors, neatly boxed. **25c**

AT 50c—Two ounce bottle in all popular odors, attractively boxed. **50c**

AT \$1.00—Large three ounce bottle of Colgate's perfume in a pretty holly box. **\$1.00**

### Make Her Happy With a Set of Furs

LYNX SET \$9.95—Black lynx set, made from excellent quality skins, large muff, and neck piece the price is very special **\$9.95**

WOLFSET AT \$7.98—Made from a lustrous quality of skins, large shawl collar with four tails, extra size pillow muff, a real treat at the price **\$7.98**

MARMOT SET \$14.75—A very attractive set of dependable skins, large shawl collar, finished with six tails, pillow muff of good size, very low priced at **\$14.75**

Give a Pretty Waist—No lady can have too many waists and for that reason one of these pretty garments will be received with much appreciation. They are advanced spring styles just unpacked for this Christmas sale; come in lingerie, linen lawn, and silk \$8 to **98c**

#### Waist Patterns

##### Neatly Boxed

WAIST patterns specially boxed for the Christmas trade. Desirable waist lengths, comprising silk materials, silk mixtures, fine woolen and mercerized fabrics etc., priced from \$10 to **50c**

### FOR THE HOME LOVER

LADIES WRITING DESK Mission style staunchly constructed large size, has drawer for stationery, priced at **\$10.75**

#### Comfortable Rocker

COMFORTABLE ROCKER An unexcelled gift for home, comes in quartered oak and mahogany, large massive posts, roll seat, restful back at **\$5.95**

*The*  
**Globe**  
DEPARTMENT STORE

### UMBRELLAS A WISE GIFT

Can you think of a more sensible gift for man or woman than an umbrella, or one that is apt to be more highly appreciated? It's a foregone conclusion that if you present a friend with one of these beautiful silk umbrellas which we are showing at \$2.98 they'll have a gift to be justly proud of. The handles are exceptionally attractive and come in gold, silver, and pearl, as well as natural wood, 26 and 28 inch. **\$2.98**



# CHRISTMAS GREETING

**Friday, December 15th.**

## Our Great Christmas Sale Begins

This is the first Xmas sale we have had, and you will find our store filled from end to end with beautiful Xmas goods displayed in such a manner that you will be able to quickly see the right article for your friends and families, and the prices on everything are marked so low that your dollar will reach as far in our store as 2 dollars elsewhere. Astonishing bargains will be given in every line, so come early, as the selections are then more choice and the assortments are more complete.

### Big Xmas Sale on Coats

#### Juniors' or Misses' Coats.

Come in mixtures, in a large assortment of styles. Some have large sailor collars trimmed in velvet, cuffs trimmed to match. These coats are positively worth

\$10.98, for our Christmas Sale your choice

**\$5.98**

#### Ladies' Full Length Coats at \$10.75.

Fine quality coats in serges, mixtures and broadcloth in large variety of styles and

sizes, worth \$18.50, for our Xmas sale

**\$10.75**

#### Ladies' and Misses' Caracul Coats \$10.98

Fine quality caracul coats beautifully marked and lined with Skinner Satin. These coats

are worth \$15.00 for our Xmas sale, special

**\$10.98**

#### High Grade Plush or Caracul Coats at \$15.00.

Genuine Seal Plush or Caracul coats in this seasons latest style, lined with Skinner Satin

throughout, \$20.00 values at our Xmas sale

**\$15.00**

### Gigantic Xmas Sale on Dresses

This is your opportunity to buy a beautiful party dress at almost half the regular price.

#### Serge Dresses at \$4.98.

We are showing the most exclusive line of dresses ever shown in Burlington, secure a beautiful serge dress trimmed in green, for our Xmas sale, special at

**\$4.98**

#### Handsome Silk or Serge Dresses at \$10.00

High grade serge and other material dresses including some beautiful silk dresses worth \$15 to \$18, for our Xmas sale, special at

**\$10.00**

Beautiful Marquise and rich black Messaline or Voile dresses values as high as \$25, for our Xmas sale your choice at

**\$15.00**

### Xmas Sale on Beautiful Skirts

Beautifully trimmed and plain all wool panama and serge skirts the assortment includes all colors with up to \$6, for this Xmas at

**\$3.98**

New Skirts in French Voiles of the hard crisp variety, all wool chevots and panamas in a big assortment of colors worth \$5, at

**\$5.98**

### Xmas Sale on Suits

#### Ladies' or Misses' Suits at \$9.98.

Warm fine looking suits come in mixtures and serges, lined with satin, some have sailor collar trimmed in satin, an extra bargain for our Xmas sale at only

**\$9.98**

#### Ladies' Suits worth \$22.50 at \$15.00

Beautiful all wool worsted, serge and mixture suits, perfectly man-tailored coats, are guaranteed lined, skirts are the new pleated models, for Xmas Sale

**\$15.00**

### Xmas Sale on Children's Coats

Children's Bearskin Coats in white and colors, lined with a good quality lining sizes 2 to 6, special for our Xmas sale at

**\$1.98**

Children's and Misses' Coats come in kerseys, mixtures and caraculs, an assortment of styles and colors, for our Xmas sale, special at

**\$3.95**

### Xmas Sale on Furs

Realizing what splendid Xmas Gifts Furs are, we have put for special efforts to bring to our store the largest and finest stock that has ever been seen in Burlington. Prices will be cut in half for this Xmas sale be it 75c. or \$100.00 set we positively guarantee

French Coney Sets made of choice lustrous skin, come in black or brown, shawl collar finished with tails, large pillow muffs, both pieces lined with silk, \$8.00 values at our Xmas sale

**\$5.98**

Blue China Wolf sets extra large, a fluffy rich shawl collar and large pillow muffs, lined with high grade Skinner Satin, special at

**\$10.98**

Handsome Opossum Sets made of choice select skins, trimmed with tails and lined with guarantee satin, for Xmas sale

**\$12.98**

We carry a large assortment of Children's furs ranging in prices for sets from

**98c. to \$5.00**

### Waists for Christmas

Put up in Xmas Boxes

Over 500 New White Lingerie Waists in handsome effects you will recognize that these are regular \$1.50 waists, special for our Xmas sale at

**\$69**

Handsome tailed or mercedized waists button down the front with tauntered collar and cuffs, Special for this Xmas sale for

**\$98**

### Beautiful Dress Waists at \$3.95.

Messaline, Persian Silk and Chiffon Dress Waists made with new style sleeve all colors in very unusual values offered for our Xmas Sale Special at

**\$3.95**

# FASHION

BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN 518 CHESTNUT STREET



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## THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1911

### WHEN CARVING WAS AN ART

In Old Days the Dining Was Served  
to the Importance of  
the Guest.

Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his slices was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly.

A lord, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference.

New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver, as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the tidbits according to precedence there was no end. The old-time carver in fact was born and then made.

The eighteenth century was the day of the carving master. He taught hostesses the art. Lady Mary Montagu, for instance, took three lessons a week—that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruptions, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

The hostess carved while the host "pushed the bottle." She did more. She urged the guests to eat more and more, and vice versa. If she neglected a guest, the diner who was forced to help himself to a slice of anything nearly choked. These diners of the eighteenth century liked being pressed. And the hostess welcomed the end of the feast.—London Chronicle.

To Clean Gold Lace.  
Gold lace and embroidery can be cleaned with powdered burnt alum, applied with a soft brush and wiped off with a soft cloth.

**Freak Potato.**  
A freak potato was dug up lately in a Belfast garden. The potato, in the course of its growth had forced its way right through the center of a beef shank bone. It had grown to an enormous size too, and was firmly attached to the bone, bulging out both above and below it.

**A Handy Tool.**  
A combined fork and shovel has been invented by a Washington man, the scoop that forms the latter implement being removable.

**Not Always.**  
Opportunity doesn't always present an engraved calling card.

**Foolish.**  
The man who goes into court merely to obtain satisfaction is about as foolish as the one who exhausts himself in trying to go through the world on a bluff.

**Fate's Grim Humor.**  
A pauper murderer in a German prison has just fallen heir to \$5,000,000.

**Can Serve 10,000 Diners.**  
Berlin has a new restaurant with accommodations for 10,000 diners and a kitchen staff of 500 persons.

## Do You Know J. BLUMBERG

Established in 1899

117-119-121 Washington Street,  
WAUKEGAN, ILL.,

Has the largest stock of Furniture in Lake county? We undersell any mail order house and absolutely guarantee every piece. We pay the freight or give you an allowance if you call for the goods yourself. Below we list a few items from our immense stock:

BRASS BEDS, full size, worth \$16.00	9.85
for .....	
ROCKERS, in Oak or Mahogany,	1.95
for .....	
MORRIS CHAIRS, the push button kind	9.65
for .....	
RUGS, 27 inch Axminster in a variety of patterns, for .....	1.95
DINING TABLES, as low	4.95
as .....	
KITCHEN CABINETS	3.85
for .....	
SIDEBOARDS, French plate mirror,	12.50
for .....	
LIBRARY TABLES, Royal oak,	6.25
for .....	

It costs you nothing to call and look over these lines. You will save money.

**\$1.00**

Will buy a beautiful new BALDWIN PIANO worth \$300. To introduce our new line of Pianos we are going to give away this Piano Christmas Eve for \$1.00. Write for particulars.



### Get Fix up for the Cold Snap

You don't want your face and hands chapped, cracked, and looking or feeling bad.

Get same good toilet soap, and then some good lotion for the skin. We have a fine assortment all of which are real good. Come in and let us fix you up.

**B. J. HOOPER, Druggist**

Telephone Connections

Lake Villa, Ill.

## Buy Your Groceries and Meats at Wendland Bros.

LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS

### Fancy Groceries

Kellogg's corn flakes	9c
Uncle Sam's breakfast food	20c
Petti John's breakfast food	12c
Shredded wheat	12c
Lima beans per can	9c
Baked " " "	9c
Pumpkins " "	9c
Dates " lb.	9c
Prunes " can	14c
Figs " "	15c
Dried Peaches per can	14c
Boneless codfish per pkg	14c
Continental oil sardines per can	4c
None such mince meat	9c
Calumet baking powder	10 and 20c

### Fancy Meats

Fancy rib roast	14c
" pot "	10 to 11c
" round steak	15c
" sirloin steak	17c
" porter house steak	18c
" pork chops	15c
" " roast	14c
" " shoulder	12c
" smoked hams	15c
" smoked bacon	17c
Pure leaf lard 5-lb. pails	60c
Pure leaf lard 3-lb. pails	35c

All other Groceries and Meats at Lowest Possible Prices



## CHRISTMAS GREETING

This season we have given special attention to our Holiday goods, with the view of giving our customers, what they might expect an opportunity to select some of their Holiday gifts from our stock.

What is more practical than a pair of shoes?

What is more acceptable than a pair of house slippers or overshoes?

You don't need to go out of town to buy footwear.

If you are looking for the best, the latest styles or the cheapest don't go any farther than the Cash Shoe Store. We have them

### MEN'S

Black kid, white kid lined, slippers	1.25
at .....	
Tan kid, white kid lined, slippers	1.50
at .....	
Black kid slippers	1.00
at .....	
Black velvet slippers	1.25
at .....	
A new button, patent colt shoe	4.00
at .....	
Dr. Reed cushion sole, gunmetal	5.00
freak toe shoe .....	
A splendid box calf, high toe,	2.00
blucher .....	
Four buckle artics top sole and heel	3.00
at .....	
Best roll edge storm rubbers	1.00
at .....	
Best Alaskas	1.50
at .....	
Best light artics	1.75
at .....	
Best heavy artics	1.65
at .....	
Best Storm King artics	1.75
at .....	
Felt boots and rubbers, moccasins and wannigans all the best and prices right.	

### WOMEN'S

Felt Slippers, black fur top	1.00
at .....	
Felt Slippers, black fur top	1.25
at .....	
Felt Slippers brown fur top	1.25
at .....	
Felt Slippers, felt sole	.75
at .....	
Little sheepskin Slippers for the house	.85
at .....	
Wool lined, kid Julietes	1.75
at .....	
Felt Shoes	1.75
at 1.50 and	
A new patent, button shoe	3.00
at .....	
A new patent, lace shoe	3.00
at .....	
A new patent button shoe	3.50
at .....	
Two buckle artics	2.00
at .....	
One buckle artics	1.25
at .....	
Toe Rubbers	.50
at .....	
A good gunmetal shoe	2.25
at .....	
A good kid button shoe	2.50
at .....	
A good kid lace shoe	2.00
at .....	
New styles in gunmetal button and lace	4.00
at .....	

### CHILDREN'S

Girl's red felt, fur tod slippers	.95
at 75c, 85c and	
Girl's Alaskas	.85
at .....	
Girl's gunmetal high tops button shoes	1.50
at .....	
Girl's gunmetal high tops button shoes	1.75
sizes 1 1/4 to 2	
Girl's patent high top button shoes	2.00
at .....	
Girl's artics 75c, 85c 90c	1.00
and	
baby shoes	1.25
25c to	
Baby rubbers size 2 1/4 to 5 1/4	.45
at .....	
Baby artics size 3 to 5	.50
at .....	
Boy's gunmetal button shoes	2.00
1.50, 1.75 and	
Boy's gunmetal lace shoes	2.00
1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and	
Boy's heavy tan high cut bellus tongue	3.00
at .....	
Boy's heavy tan high cut bellus tongue	2.25
size 1 1/4 to 2	
Boy's felt boots and rubbers	2.50
at .....	
Boy's German sox	2.75
at .....	

Repairing has become quite a feature of our store. We turn out the best work in town, use only the Best materials and do the work "while you wait". Hand turned, welt soles and all kinds of heavy work. Old shoes made like new.

In the past six months our work has doubled and we are prepared to take care of it all.

## ANTIOCH CASH SHOE STORE

Good Shoes

Shanking our customers for the prosperous year just past we wish you a happy New Year.



# LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcements and the  
Elgin Butter Market

Xmas ties at Webb's.  
Roy Dennison was in Chicago Friday.  
J. C. James was a Chicago visitor on Tuesday.

John Martin was a Chicago passenger Wednesday.

H. A. Radtke was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Joa. Lobdan and Paul Ferris were in Chicago Friday.

With this issue we wish you a Merry Christmas.

Jos. Turner Jr. was an Antioch caller Wednesday.

Miss Ida Robertshaw visited relatives in Chicago over Sunday.

Mrs. G. Thayer and Mrs. G. Schilke spent Friday in Kenosha.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldora Horton left on Monday evening for a visit with relatives at Chetek, Wis.

Lost—Black Spaniel with white star on breast. Finder please write Box 83 or phone 202 Antioch.

Mrs. Wm. McNeil returned home on Monday evening after a number of weeks visit at Chetek, Wis.

The first quarterly conference of the M. E. church will be held next Saturday evening at eight o'clock. Dr. W. O. Shepard will preside.

For cut flowers or design work call on G. E. Webb, Rocket Store. He will save you money. The Meredith Flower and Vegetable Co. Libertyville, Ill.

Hand painted china makes an ideal Christmas gift. I now have a fine assortment on display at Overton's drug store and am also prepared to fill orders. Prices reasonable. Miss Ada Lux.

Dr. W. O. Shepard, the District Superintendent of the Chicago Northern District, will preach in the M. E. church Sunday morning, followed by communion service. Everybody is welcome.

Mrs. Scott Durand's new Crabtree dairy farm buildings at Lake Bluff, which replace the frame structures burned a year ago, are completed as to outside work and carry out her idea of the greatest dairy farm in the world. There are five buildings of concrete and tile, so safe from fire damage that no insurance is carried. The main building, 160 by 40 feet, centers the group and is for the Guernsey herd. Interior work and landscaping will be done next spring.

Explanation of sun's heat.  
The reason why the sun retains its heat despite the large amount it gives out is explained by the fact that heat is generated by the fall of particles toward its center.

Xmas mufflers at Webb's.  
The Lake County board of supervisors are in session this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Garrett on Saturday of last week, a son.

Strictly fresh eggs for sale. 35c per doz. Antioch Poultry Farm. Phone 3082.

When your purse strings are loose don't forget H. J. Brogan the Harness Man.

Miss Pauline Smart resumed her duties as teacher of the Bean Hills school Monday.

Wm. Kelly, Geo. Kelly and Wm. Christian attended the fat stock show Saturday.

Gus Schilke attended the funeral of a cousin in Chicago Monday.

Mrs. Sorenson and Miss Mary were Chicago passengers Friday.

During the high wind on Sunday the windmill and storage tank at the Catholic parsonage was blown to the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hook are moving from the G. D. Thayer house into the Klein house vacated by A. M. Christensen.

At the Christian church divine services will be held in the English language on Sunday at two o'clock by Rev. G. H. Voss.

The Christmas tree and exercises will be held on Saturday evening Dec. 23rd. The program will consist of a cantata known as "Which is the greatest day of the year."

If you want a useful present for a young man or lady, one who is about through school buy an Oliver Typewriter, 17 cents per day buys one. J. C. James, Antioch, Illinois.

The members of the Ladies Aid wish to heartily thank all who assisted them at their bazaar, either by work or contribution. Also to thank the editor of the News for advertising room.

By order of Pres.

Olson Camp, R. N. A. held its annual election of officers Tuesday evening the following members being chosen to hold office for the ensuing year: Oracle, Louise Huber; Vice Oracle, Ada Herman; Recorder, Erma Powles; Chancellor, Lillian Harrower; Receiver, Olive Reading; Marshal, Josephine Yopp; Inside Sentinel, Nellie Pierce; Outside Sentinel, Jessie Runyard; Manager, Emma Thayer; Physician, Dr. Warriner.

Where Courage is Shown.  
It needs more courage to fight the bothers and the worries and the humdrum of life than to meet its great emergencies.

Gents silk hose at Webb's.

Fancy suspenders at Webb's.

The latest things in caps at Webb's.

Gents silk lined gloves at Webb's.

All kinds of useful Xmas presents at Webb's.

Frank Chinn moved his stock of groceries from the Klein building to the Haynes building Monday.

A. M. Christensen and family moved into the rooms recently fitted up over his tailor shop the first of the week.

Three Per Cent Interest on Savings Acct's.

Some people preferring savings book to certificates of deposit we have opened a savings department. Accounts opened from \$1.00 up and interest paid semi annually. Open a savings account at the State Bank of Antioch. Capital \$25,000. Surplus and undivided profits \$12,500.

See Alden, Biderer & Co. for any thing in music. Pianos, phonographs and records. Two stores, 478 Market street, Kenosha, and 209 N. Genesee street, Waukegan. For piano tuning send to us.

## WANTED

At once. Men to represent us, either locally or traveling. Now is the time to start. Money in the work for the right man. Apply at once and secure territory. Allen Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

## NOTICE

Have you forgotten that little bill you owe Tiffany & Felter. If you have not please call and settle at once.

## NOTICE

You can have a fine Corduroy skirt made-to-order in blue or brown for only \$6.00 and a Messaline waist to match for \$4.50.

Mrs. A. G. Watson.

## SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE—SPECIAL WARRANT NO. 3

Public notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lake County has rendered judgment for a special assessment upon property benefited by the following improvement.

A cast iron water supply pipe complete on portions of Fox River Road or Main street, Channel Lake road or Lake street, Park, Victoria and Harden streets in the village of Antioch, County of Lake and State of Illinois, as will more fully appear from a certified copy of the judgment on file in my office; that the warrant for the collection of such assessment is in the hands of the undersigned. The total amount of said assessment is \$7,048.

The amount of the first installment is \$1,448.00 and the amount of each succeeding installment is \$1,400.00. Said installments bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum from the second day of January 1911 to the second day of January 1912 and are payable annually on or before the second day of January of each year.

All persons interested are hereby notified to call and pay the amount assessed at the collector's office, at the State Bank of Antioch, within thirty days of the date thereof.

Dated this 14th day of December A. D. 1911.

1912 W. F. Ziegler, Village Collector.

## THE IDEAL WORKSHOP.



And the jolliest and best old workman in the world.

**BARKER'S**  
IS THE MEDICINE FOR  
Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds  
and Catarrh. All Dealers

For Sale by B. H. Overton

## HIS VISITING LIST.



Old Santa—My, my, how this list does grow. No wonder I occasionally miss one.

Moles as Things of Beauty.  
With Turkish ladies moles on the face are considered a great beauty, the pretty theory being that love has kissed and left a spot, or that spirits whispering in the ear have left their light touch on the cheek. No Turkish woman is considered perfectly beautiful, in fact, without a mole or two.

## The State Bank of Antioch

at Antioch, State of Illinois, before the commencement of business on the 1st day of December, 1911, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts, for the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

RESOURCES.	
Loans on Real Estate	\$6,450 00
Loans on Collateral Security	5,000 00
Other Loans and Discounts	24,238 51
Overdrafts	84 23
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$35,762 74</b>
LIABILITIES.	
State, County and Municipal Bonds	20,770 00
Public Service Corporation Bonds	22,550 00
Other Bonds and Securities	35,250 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>78,570 00</b>
Banking House	4,800 00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,400 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>6,200 00</b>
Due from State Banks	6,000 00
Due from National Banks	23,428 55
<b>Total</b>	<b>29,428 55</b>
Cash on Hand	4,322 00
Currency	1,816 00
Gold	666 15
Silver	196 27
<b>Total</b>	<b>6,990 42</b>
Checks and other Cash Items	129 05
Collections in Transit	60 00
<b>Total</b>	<b>189 05</b>
<b>Total Resources</b>	<b>\$252,965 06</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	25,000 00
Undivided Profits	11,994 00
Less current interest, expenses and taxes paid	4,668 81
<b>Total</b>	<b>4,668 81</b>
Deposits: Time Certificates	171,664 74
Demand Deposits, Subject to Check	\$9,878 01
Cashier's Checks	153 60
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$211,696 35</b>
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$252,965 06</b>

State of Illinois, County of Lake, ss: I, W. F. Ziegler, Cashier of The State Bank of Antioch, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of December, 1911.

DANIEL A. WILLIAMS, Notary Public.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Wm. D. Gifford*

Spectacles Scientifically Fitted



C. F. INGALLS & BRO.

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T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Brokers

New Number 24 and 26 North Dearborn St.

118 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Diamonds, Watches and all kinds of Jewelry

at less than cost. At half the price you pay regular stores.

Dec 19 01 y1

Lotus Camp No. 557 P. W. A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting Neighbors always welcome.

L. J. HUGHES, V. C.

J. C. James, Clerk

BANK OF ANTIOCH

EDWARD BROOK

BANKER

Buy and Sell Exchange and do a General Banking Business

SEQUOIA LODGE No. 87, A. F. & A. M.

Hold regular communications the first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethren always welcome.

W. F. ZIEGLER, W. M.

FRANK HUBER, Sec'y

The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

MABEL GRIMM, W. M.

IDA OSBORN, Sec'y

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Lawyer and Notary Public. Practice all courts. Farm property for sale. Damage suits and collections of wages a specialty. Fire and Life Insurance

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Waukegan Illinois

J. C. JAMES, JR.

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## TRAVEL SHOP

THIS LITTLE SHOP TALK won't bore you because it isn't long enough and YOU will read it because 99 out of 100 will, so the odds are against you. However, the TRAVEL SHOP is an innovation. It is a shop where EVERYTHING in the way of transportation is sold to anywhere at the lowest possible prices. If you're planning your next season's vacation now, and you should be, write the travel shop. If you're going anywhere this winter, to California, Florida, Pacific Coast or the East write the TRAVEL SHOP. This shop is splendidly equipped as to travel ideas, and the experts in charge are more than anxious to answer your letters promptly or to see you personally should you visit the city at any time.

## GET ACQUAINTED TRAVEL SHOP

410 Nicollet Avenue Minneapolis, Minn

## BATTERSHALL'S Special Holiday Display

We are making the greatest effort we have ever made to please, both as to the selection of our immense stock and the very low margin of profit at which we have marked every item. Only a few more trading days are left and we advise making your purchases at once to avoid the inconvenience of the later days rush.

GROCERIES	
Bananas per dozen	10
Oranges, all prices down to per doz.	15
Apples, per peck	25
Lemons, per doz	18
Salted Peanuts, per pound	10
Fancy fresh Walnut meats per lb.	40
Mixed Nuts, per pound	08
Burnt Peanuts per pound	12
Peanut Brittle per lb.	10
Wrapped Carmels per lb.	10
Stick Candy per lb.	13
Chocolate Creams per lb.	10
Filbert Fudge per lb.	14
Chocolate Chips per lb.	20
Dipped Carmels per lb.	18
3 quarts Cranberries per lb.	25
Baker's Sweet Chocolate cake	05
26c Battle St. Croix Maple Syrup	19
Pure Maple Sugar per lb.	17
17 lbs. Granulated sugar	\$1.00
9 bars Lenax soap	25
7 bars Wool soap	25
10 bars Swift's Pride soap	25
Baker's Premium Chocolate, lb.	28
2 pkgs yeast	05
Richlieu seeded raisins	08
4 cans corn	28
3 pkgs Argo starch	10
Gold Dust, large size	17
Corn Flakes	07
3 lbs 20-Mule brand	25

4 pkgs best mince meat	25
4 pkgs Macaroni	25
Grape nuts	10
10 lbs pure Buckwheat flour	35
Sour pickles per gal.	20

## BOOKS.

We are offering a very large and most complete line of books of every description in toy gift and popular fiction. Mrs. T. Meade books for girls.....20 Alger books for boys.....10 Nicely bound fiction.....10 Late popular copyrights we offer about 100 different titles, per copy.....60 Five Little Peppers and how they grow at.....30 Painting books up from.....10

## DRY GOODS

Standard prints, yd.....04 1-2 Best apron gingham, yd.....06 6 apools thread.....26 2 pkgs common pins, best.....05 2 cards safety pins.....05

## HOLIDAY GOODS

We have the largest and most complete line of Holiday goods we have ever been able to show, consisting of toys, dolls, sleighs, skates, friction and mechanical toys, trains, toy houses and barns. A large line of gift and toy books and popular fiction. Jewelry, domestic and imported cut glass and china. We want you to see our line which we now have on display.

## F. D. BATTERSHALL

General Merchandise

Grayslake, Illinois

High Grade Plumbing

Sanitary Appliances

## W. E. Volkman STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

Telephone 462

Estimates Furnished

ANTIOCH, ILL.

**OFTEN MAKES A QUICK NEED FOR THE CURE THAT'S SURE**

**DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS WHOOPING COUGH AND ALL TROUBLES OF THROAT AND LUNGS**

PROMPT USE WILL OFTEN PREVENT PNEUMONIA AND CONSUMPTION

PRICE 50c and \$1.00

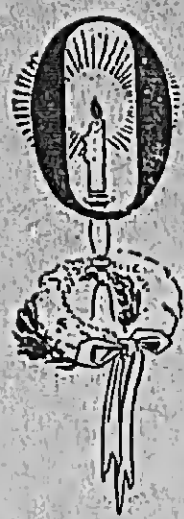
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# A CHRISTMAS ALIAS

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C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON



OUTSIDE the little station at Cava del Tirreno, three days before Christmas, a crowd of interpreters, porters, hotel touts and children were awaiting the arrival of the quick train from Naples. As it drew up at the station and the first travelers made their appearance at the exit there rose a babel of voices. Conspicuous among the vehicles in waiting was a smart English-looking four-in-hand, driven by a handsome, well-to-do young man, so dark of skin that he might well have passed for an Italian. At the head of the impatient horses stood an impressive groom.

Young Lord Belever, who was driving his own coach, scanned eagerly from under the brim of his smart bowler, the persons who came crowding out of the station. His eyes lighted with pleasure as a girl appeared in the doorway, followed by an older lady, and two porters, carrying luggage and wraps. A dash of Parisian smartness in the lines of the well-cut traveling dress and the perfectly fitting boots, a more than Anglo-Saxon frankness and independence of carriage, announced the girl as an American.

A driver bent down from the box of his carriage, and, in answer to a question from the young lady, in elementary Italian, demanded 14 francs for the drive to Amalfi.

"But 'Baedeker' says the tariff is five or six," expostulated the girl. Her Italian was fluent, if the grammar was a little shaky. Lord Belever, from his high box-seat, heard every word.

"Baedeker!" The Italian driver snatched his fingers with a gesture of contempt. "Fourteen francs is the fare."

The girl bit her lip. She thought she was being cheated and that made her angry.

"Perhaps we had better take him and have done with it, dear," suggested the older lady. "It doesn't matter much, you know. There are not many carriages left. If we bargain too long we may get none."

"Mamma," exclaimed the beauty, "I hate to be cheated!"

She looked around, and catching sight of Belever's pawing, glossy hairs, her pleased eyes traveled in one glance up to the box-seat, where the young man sat looking eagerly down on her.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed the girl, "if there isn't a perfectly lovely coach, and I believe the man wants to drive us!"

"It's sure to be more than the cab, dear."

"How much to drive us to Amalfi?" cried the girl.

"Five francs each, ladies," was the prompt answer to good Italian, the language in which the coachman had been addressed.

"Bene," came the quick reply, and the girl signed to the porters to put the bags and wraps inside the coach. The groom, lifting a grin, ran with a ladder; the older lady mounted to a place behind the driver, the beauty climbing to the box-seat. With a flick of the long whip the bays dashed forward.

"I call this too glorious for words!" The beauty's cheeks were tinged with carnal, brought there by the tingling sea air that blew up the ravine; her eyes sparkled. "Aren't we in luck, mamma, to have got seats in this splendid coach, and with such a driver, too? See how well he handles the reins! And his profile looks as if he were cast in bronze."

"Take care, Lesley! Are you sure he doesn't understand you, dear?"

"Oh, that's all right! Very few of these Italian drivers know more than two or three words of English."

Then the girl began to talk Italian to the coachman and he answered her in the same tongue, fluently and courteously. Belever could speak Italian nearly as well as his own language and Lesley's knowledge was not deep enough to detect his few slips. He felt guilty, but dared not betray his nationality, lest the ladies should insist on being put down at the next village.

"Well, mamma," cried Lesley, turning in her place, "we've had a splendid time in Europe, haven't we? We've seen and done such a lot of things. But I believe I like Italy best of all. Of course, Egypt was gorgeous and Greece was lovely."

"And England—" prompted the mother.

"England was sweet. But it was disappointing in one way. Only fancy our not meeting one single, solitary, real, live lord. I shall be ashamed to go home. My country expected it of me. And—I failed. Such a shame we should have missed Lord Belever! When I brought three new dresses on purpose, too!"

Bever started. This was a nice scrape he had got himself into. But he didn't see any way out of it now. He could not suddenly exclaim, "Be-hold, I am Lord Belever!" He had seldom been more uncomfortable, but the worst of it was that he found himself base enough to snatch a fearful joy from the situation.

"I dare say he would have been just as uninteresting when you came to know him," the girl's mother proceeded to console her.

But the Dering-Lacys said he was just as clever and good-looking, don't you remember? I was so inking for-

ward to our one country-house visit in England; and, of course, it was very nice, but it did seem an anticlimax when the very man I'd been invited to flirt with never turned up at all. Oh, what he missed!" and she laughed.

Bever could cheerfully have kicked himself. To think that he might have met this divine creature in a decent, self-respecting manner, if only he hadn't sent an unworthy excuse to those good but dull people, the Dering-Lacys.

Through inquiries he had learned at the Bristol that the ladies were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, but somehow he had failed to associate the name with that of the American heiress with whom the Dering-Lacys had tried to tempt him a few weeks ago. And in his blindness he had rejoiced in the thought of meeting the girl at Amalfi, whither he had ascertained



It Was She!

from the hotel porter that they were going, and whither he had already purposed driving in his coach, which had lately won honors in the coaching meet at Naples.

These desperate reflections drove the hitherto loquacious coachman into an abstracted silence. He answered vaguely the questions with which Lesley did not cease to ply the perfectly lovely coachman with the bronze profile. He was actually relieved when he stopped his horses at the foot of the long flight of steps that wound up the cliff to the Hotel Cappuccini.

His mind was in a tumult. He, too, was due at the Cappuccini, where his room was engaged; but now he hesitated to go and claim it and to appear in his own person before the American ladies. The craven thought came into his mind that he should run away; then he half resolved to declare himself at once. He had been unable to decide upon a course of action when the ladies prepared to descend from the coach. Then he overheard Lesley whisper to her mother:

"It's been so nice and intelligent, don't you think we might give him a couple of francs for himself?" Belever could speak, the girl had placed 12 francs in his hand, wishing him a smiling goodby.

Bever hesitated. To speak, or not to speak—which was wiser in the mind of man? But he found himself maintaining his part by uttering a deferential "Molto grazie, signorina."

Bever turned his smoking team, and walked them back to their stable in the town, where he left coach and horses in the hands of his groom. Strolling slowly back to the Cappuccini steps, his courage suddenly returned to him. He would face the music, brave out the situation and trust to his own tact and the ladies' sense of humor to save the position. One thing only was impossible—to give up the adventure and see the girl no more. He mounted the many steps, received a warm welcome from the handsome and effusive Italian landlord, and in the visitors' book set a firm, clear "Belever, England."

Immediately under the clever, characteristic writing in which Lesley had inscribed the names of "Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, New York, U. S. A."

Until the gong elapsed out the hour of dinner Belever kept his room, writing letters, slowly changing into his evening clothes, stopping every now and then to lean upon his window-ledge and gaze out upon the incomparable beauty of Amalfi. He was, among the earliest persons in the long, vaulted dining-room, once the refectory of the Capuchins, and a word in the ear, and a coin in the hand of the head-waiter, procured him a place next to Miss Fleetwood. This arranged, he retired, a little and mingled with the throng of Germans, English, French and Americans who were trooping in to dinner. In a moment or two he saw Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughter coming in from the reading-room. Lesley in a simple, but charming white evening dress, shining in his eyes, among the other women, like a flower among weeds.

When the two ladies were seated Belever grasped his courage in both hands and, with a thumping heart, took the vacant place by Lesley's side. The girl looked up. Her eyes widened with wonder as she gave him

a quick, surprised glance; then a gleam of merriment flashed into her face, and a rich, warm blush reddened her cheeks, tingling even the shell-like ear. Belever saw, with infinite relief, that the first encounter was to be decided in his favor. He smiled and bowed, looking very handsome in his evening dress.

"I hope," he ventured, "that you are not tired after your drive."

Mrs. Fleetwood was looking at him across her daughter.

"Is it possible?" she had begun. "I'm afraid it is, mamma," Lesley cut in mischievously. "Somewhere there's been a very big mistake. Whether it's our fault or this gentleman's, I don't know."

"Let me take all the blame," said Belever, hastily. "It blama there be, for letting myself appear to be what I am not. It was hard to withstand the temptation of having two ladies as companions on the drive."

"And I made personal remarks, and gave you two francs for yourself!" Lesley threw up her two little hands in horror.

"It was the sincerest compliment I ever received," said Belever. "I shall always keep the coin in recollection of the pleasantest drive of my life." He was wonderfully happy again by this time.

"And that was really your own coach and you are not an Italian?"

"I am as little Italian as you are. I drive my coach for my own pleasure about this coast. I have rented one of those old watch towers which we passed on the way and am having it furnished and fitted up for me now. It would give me great pleasure if you and your mother will take tea with me there one afternoon."

"That would be delightful," Lesley exclaimed; but her forehead had a little, thoughtful pucker and she spoke abstractedly. Belever feared that she was trying to recall the things she had said in English to her mother in the course of the drive, and to keep her from a reflection that might be dangerous to himself, he dashed into conversation.

"By the way," Lesley was saying, "we saw in the visitors' book that Lord Belever is in the hotel. He seems to have arrived to-day, for his name is just under ours. Do you happen to know him?"

Lesley had glanced curiously as she spoke along the row of diners lingering over their meals, and now she turned full to her companion. In spite of himself he flushed scarlet. He was beginning a stammering reply, when the look on the girl's face checked his words. The truth had flashed into her understanding like a lightning stroke and she was enduring bitter mortification when she remembered how freely she had spoken of him in his own hearing. Her face first crimsoned, then froze into icy laughter. Belever looked at her beseechingly and would have spoken had she not stopped him with a gesture. She murmured something to her mother, both ladies rose, and, turning their backs on Belever, went out a word or sign, they joined the crowd moving from the room.

The lamps in the long, white house were nearly all extinguished when at last Belever went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as it was light next morning, he was dressed and out, and, taking a small boat on the beach, he pulled out beyond the tiny pier that forms the harbor of Amalfi. Reeling on his oars, he looked up to the quaint, white hotel.

Suddenly a window was thrown open and a graceful figure, dressed in some loose, white morning wrapper, stepped out on the balcony. It was she! Belever's heart beat fast as he looked up at the girl he had loved at first sight standing with one little hand shading her eyes from the sun, drinking in the beauty of the scene. Presently she looked down, as it seemed, into his very eyes. He thought she recognized him, for with an impatient movement she hastily went in, closing the window after her.

Dejectedly Belever rowed ashore and mounted the long flights of steps to the hotel. He thought of packing up his things at once and finding another lodging until his own place should be ready for habitation; but a certain obstinacy in his nature held him from his course. After all, was he so much to blame? Had he done a thing too bad for forgiveness? If he frankly apologized to the ladies, ought they not to forget his impulsive error of taste and receive him again on a footing of friendship? He determined to seize the first opportunity for an explanation.

He had not long to wait, for as he was passing down the long corridor on his way to the salotto-manger for breakfast a door opened in front of him and Lesley herself appeared.

"Miss Fleetwood—" He had begun apologetically, when she turned on him a look so full of resentment that the words died on his lips. She passed him with a hardening of the daily features and her pretty chin in the air. Belever fell back, biting his lip. For the next two or three hours he wandered wretchedly about the ancient town and presently found himself again at the little pier, where he began to talk with one of the Italian masons employed on the works for strengthening the pier. Suddenly this man broke off in an explanation he was giving of the means by which they transported and sunk the heavy blocks of concrete and raised a warning finger. With startled eyes he was looking up at the great cliff that rose above the harbor.

"Did you hear that, signora?" he asked in an awed whisper. "It is the mountain working. That is the third time since breakfast I have heard it crack and strain. At six this morning the Hotel Santa Caterina cracked."

"Good heavens! Do you mean that the cliff will fall?"

"I think there is great danger, signora. We have had a fortnight's rain, and the building of the Hotel Santa Caterina there has weakened the base of the mountain. I shall go and call the syndic."

Far above him Belever could see that many persons had come out of the Hotel Cappuccini and were assembled on the terrace looking toward the overhanging part of the mountain. He recognized the frowning whiskers of old Signor Vezzi, the landlord, and could see the white aprons and the bright dresses of the servants mingling with the darker costumes of the hotel guests. Then, on the terrace to the left of the house, beyond the cloisters, just under the grotto, he detected a gleam of poppy color, and, staring hard, he recognized Lesley Fleetwood, walking slowly up and down, all unconscious of the danger that threatened her.

With a shout, Belever started for the grotto. It was approached by a long flight of steps which turned two or three times until they reached the terrace of the grotto.

The girl looked up suddenly, and her face flushed. She turned from him impatiently.

"Miss Fleetwood, there is great danger; the mountain will fall," he cried excitedly. "You must come at once."

"Must!" repeated the girl, with a surprised lifting of the eyebrows.

"This is no time for ceremony," he answered; "the peril is near. Your mother and everyone has run out from the hotel."

"Are you afraid?" She looked at him half mockingly, half disdainfully. "I am afraid for you. I entreat you to come at once!"

"Thank you. I prefer to stay where I am, and to be alone."

With this there came from above a shower of loose stone and dust that poured from the edge of the cliff over their heads.

"You see!" he cried. "My witness. 'Nonsense!' said Lesley, sharply. 'A servant told me those stalactites and things always fall after rain. Pray lose no time in saving yourself from the terrible danger!'"

Down came another stone. There was a strange sound, mysterious, indescribable, that came from the mountain. It was as if a giant imprisoned inside were stirring cautiously.

The man and the girl looked into each other's eyes, defiance in hers, pleading in his. But suddenly a hot wave seemed to rush through Belever's veins. With a wild shout from below ringing in his ears, he caught the girl in his arms as if she had been a child. The mountain groaned. Belever sprang from under the arch of the grotto and, as if that fettered giant grudged the loss of his prey, there came a great roaring, which filled the air and confused the young man's senses. With a tremendous crash, a huge mass of rock plunged down from the foot of the grotto upon the very spot where, an instant ago, the two had stood, smashing into fragments the concrete pavement of the platform. The ground shook under Belever's feet; the earth seemed to quake as if it were turned to a

asked in an awed whisper. "It is the mountain working. That is the third time since breakfast I have heard it crack and strain. At six this morning the Hotel Santa Caterina cracked."

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soft dusk, the peace, the faint suggestion of incense, the lighted candles—in honor of the Christmas season—on the altar, and doited about among the quaint little oriental figures of the 'orb' or 'presepio,' all seemed unreal, a mirage of peace in the presence of great danger. The rushing noise, like an advancing tidal wave, grew louder. From the doorway through which he had just come Belever could see what was happening. He saw a huge flying boulder strike the roof of the hotel, crush it in, and break away the wall beneath, as if the solid, ancient structure, which had weathered the storms of 800 years, had been a house of cards, set up by the hands of a child.

For a moment he believed that the whole building would go, and the girl he loved with it. But he heard the thunder of the landslide as it swept down to the sea, engulfing the Santa Caterina as it went and throwing a towering wall of water that rushed in upon the beach. Then a great silence fell, broken only by the far-away shouting of human voices sounding strangely small and feeble after nature's savage uproar. Nothing more happened. They were saved.

Lesley had clung to him speechless, almost breathless, and Belever had clasped her tightly, hardly knowing how tightly. But now he gently released her. As he did so, she fell away from him, half fainting, and he caught her again, with his arm round her waist.

"For heaven's sake, tell me that you're not hurt—that no stone struck you as we came," he stammered.

"No," she whispered, for all strength was gone from her, and she could not speak aloud. "No—but you—there's a streak of blood on your forehead. Oh, how can I ever forgive myself? You might have been killed. It was all—my fault. I was a wretch. You ought to have gone and left me."

"I'd rather have been killed than do that," said Belever. He had forgotten to let her go. She had forgotten to draw herself away, and so they still stood together, these two enemies, she leaning slightly against him, he with his arm round her waist.

"Oh, why do you say that?" she faltered. "I was so obstinate—so wicked. I deserved anything. I wonder you cured."

"But, you see, I loved you," said Belever, quite simply. "If the end had to come I wanted it to come for me, too." It did not seem in the least strange that he should be telling her this, though she had never seen him until yesterday and had refused to speak to him this morning. They had known each other always, now, and they could never go back to being strangers again.

She did not answer, or even appear surprised; but, when her eyes left his they wandered all about the chapel, thinking how beautiful it looked and how sacred it seemed and how good it was to be there.

"I hope—" she began; but what she hoped Belever was not to know, for a pale woman appeared at the door, leading into the chapel from the hotel opposite the entrance from the cloisters, and, at the sight of the two figures standing together in the jeweled twilight broke into sobs.

"Lesley—thank heaven!" she ejaculated. "I've searched everywhere for you. They tried to keep me from coming back to the house, but I would."

Lesley ran to her mother. "He saved my life," she said.

The elder woman held out both her hands to him.

"How can I thank you?" she cried. "By forgiving me—if you will." He spoke to her, but he looked at Lesley.

"We start newly from this moment," said the girl. Her eyes were wonderfully soft and sweet in the chapel's dusk, jeweled by the candle lights.

"Come away quickly," implored her mother. "Who knows yet if it is safe even here? It has all been so sudden, so horrible. I saw everything from the terrace—the peasants falling over the cliff from above, the fishing boats crushed—oh, I shall dream of it always. Signora Vezzi says, even if all is well after this, every one must leave the hotel as soon as we can get our things together. Do come!"

She turned toward the door again, drawing Lesley with her. Belever followed and at the door Lesley turned back. He hardly dared to believe that he had read aright what her eyes said.

## Kidney Trouble Is Very Deceptive

Few Realize They're Affected Till Danger Point Is Reached—Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills Work Wonders—Sample Free!

Kidney disease is much more common than most people imagine. Many sufferers do not know what's ailing them—until the trouble becomes serious. Some trifling affliction may run into the dread diabetes, dropsy or Bright's disease before one realizes there's anything wrong with his kidneys.

Usually the most noticeable symptoms which first appear are far from the seat of the trouble, and the sufferer mistakes the nature of his ailment. Dull headaches or nervousness, for instance, he never thinks of as signs of diseased kidneys.

Even the aching back and sides, rheumatism, pains or twinges in joints or limbs, sore, indurated muscles, he may consider indications of some other trouble. Unusually colored or cloudy urine, too frequent or too scanty urination, burning sensation, are of course readily recognized as symptoms of such disorders.

Because of the deceptive and dangerous character of these ailments, if you suspect your kidneys are diseased, lose no time in beginning treatment. The best possible remedy for you is Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills. They are quite different from anything else in the market. They act in two ways: cleanse the clogged kidneys of their poisonous impurities, strengthen them so they perform their duties normally, naturally. There's no other way to really cure kidney derangements, resultant bladder troubles and rheumatism—and permanently banish those frightful aches and pains.

Get a package of these marvelous Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills at once. 25c and 50c packages. If you want to try them first ask your druggist for a free sample package, or same will be sent direct by Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

## HIS VOCATION.



"I suppose you'll be an agriculturist when you grow up?"

"No'm. I'm jest goin' to work on this farm, that's all."

Fellows in Distress.

An efficient woman principal of a New York grammar school, though devoid of good looks and bearing the marks of long service in her professional life, still retains the charm of a delightful frankness. One day, while watching the pupils pass out of her building, two boys, as usual, she noticed one boy marching alone, with his arm to his eyes, sobbing tumultuously. In answer to her solicitous inquiry as she drew him from the line, the little fellow wailed: "I—I haven't got no pardner!"

The principal extended a prompt and sympathetic hand. "Shake, dear boy, shake!" she lavished. "I haven't either."

Some Undertaking.

The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

For Instance

Post Toasties



## THE KIDNEY REMEDY CURES THE MOST SKEPTICAL

I want you to know that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the only medicine that I have ever used. I was completely cured of my kidney trouble. I could not get any more of my old medicine. I took one bottle and took it. I was beginning to feel better and taking it until I had taken six bottles. It straightened me out.

Swamp-Root is the only medicine that I have ever used. I thought I would try it and tell every one. I was, to take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. The six bottles cost me five dollars, and I had a hundred dollars worth of good.

Very truly,  
GEORGE H. HUBER,  
Atlanta, Ill.

Standards, as, Logans, as, H. Hoese, a Notary Public in and out of county of Logan, in the State of Illinois, do hereby certify, that H. Hoese, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and before me this day in person acknowledged that he signed and delivered the said instrument as his free and voluntary act.

Under my hand and Notarial Seal the 12th day of July, A. D. 1911.  
M. M. Hoese,  
Notary Public.

Prat Swamp-Root Will Do for You to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, Ala. for a sample bottle. It will cure anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular, fifty-cent bottles for sale at all drug stores.

VERY NATURALLY.

I wonder who originated the story. "There is always room at the top."

Some hotel clerk, I guess.

Give and Take.

How does he take things philosophically?

Yes, but he doesn't part with them philosophically. Woman's Home Companion.

When you hear two men talking so loudly that they can be heard in the next block, they are talking about something they know nothing about.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to acquire a new one. The Western Canada Farm Lands are now being sold at a very low price. You can get a large tract of land for a small investment. The land is fertile and well watered. It is a great opportunity for the farmer's son.

Now's the Time

from the present crop of wheat, oats and barley. The land is fertile and well watered. It is a great opportunity for the farmer's son.

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## WHEN CHINA BECOMES A REAL REPUBLIC



## MINE SANK MAINE

NAVAL BOARD THAT EXAMINED BATTLESHIP WRECK GIVES OUT ITS FINDINGS.

## BLOWN UP FROM OUTSIDE

Exterior Blast Explodes Large Amount of Black Powder Contained in Magazine, Causing Destruction of Vessel and Loss of Life.

Washington.—The United States battleship Maine, which was sunk in Havana harbor in February, 1898, as the result of an explosion, was blown up from the outside. This was announced by the Vreeland board, which has been examining the wreck for several months, in a statement given out by the navy department.

The statement was as follows: "The board finds that the injuries to the bottom of the Maine were caused by the explosion of a charge of low form of explosives exterior to the ship. This resulted in igniting and exploding the contents of the six-inch reserve magazine, said contents including a large quantity of black powder."

"The more or less complete explosion of the contents of the remaining forward magazine followed. The magazine explosion resulted in the destruction of the vessel."

The report was placed in the hands of President Taft and will be carefully reviewed by him before being adopted.

The Vreeland board's report settles for all time the cause of the explosion and vindicates the findings of the Sampson board immediately after the destruction of the vessel. In the statement issued by the secretary it is said that while the Spanish mine did not in itself destroy the vessel, this undoubtedly caused the explosion of the ship's magazines, which resulted in the destruction of the Maine and the death of more than 200 American officers and seamen.

ARRANGES PEACE WITH "DIVA"

Robert Chanler Returns to America Confident Wife Will Be Pleased With His Settlement.

New York.—Robert Winthrop Chanler, husband of Lina Cavallieri, the opera singer, returned from Europe on the Olympic. He smilingly concurred in the statement that he had arranged a settlement with his wife.

"It was a purely financial transaction," said Sheriff Bob.

"The preliminaries have already been taken into the French courts and in four or five months she will get a divorce."

"There will be no reconciliation. That is positive."

FOUR KILLED; MANY INJURED

Collapse of Concrete Building in Indianapolis Brings Death to Many Workers on Structure.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Four men are known to have been killed, and it is almost certain that several others are dead as the result of the sudden collapse of a three-story concrete building in the rear of St. Vincent's hospital.

A number of men, probably twenty-five or thirty, were buried in the ruins.

Teacher's Wife Ends Life.

New Haven, Conn.—Despondent at protracted melancholy, Lina Leach Gubelmann, wife of Prof. Albert Edward Gubelmann of Yale university, committed suicide by throwing herself into West river.

Want Postponement Trial Postponed.

Boston.—Postponement of the trial of Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, indicted for the murder of Miss Avis Linnell, was asked for by his counsel. Richeson has no funds to pay his attorneys.

## SHUSTER TO DEFY CZAR

STATE DEPARTMENT TELLS HIM TO STAND ON RIGHTS.

Russian Force March on Teheran to Elect American Financial Agent of Persian Government.

Washington.—With 2,000 Russian Cossacks advancing to occupy Teheran, proclaiming martial law and electing him the point of the bayonet, W. Morgan Shuster, financial agent of the Persian government, is advised by the American state department to stand upon his constitutional rights and defy the czar.

This startling move by Russia was officially reported by Charles W. Russell, United States minister at Teheran. Following this intelligence a cable was sent Minister Shuster instructing him to advise Russia to stand his ground.

Should Russia eject all Persian officials as is anticipated, Shuster, following his instructions, will appeal to Minister Russell and lodge protest with the Russian diplomatic agent at Teheran.

The situation will then become one of international import between the Russian and American governments, already rattled by the czar's refusal to honor passports held by American citizens of Jewish birth.

## WANT YUAN SHI KAI TO RULE

Rebel Leaders Ready to Discard Republic and Accept Monarchy to Prevent Bloodshed.

Wu-Chang, China.—While absolutely opposed to the Manchurian dynasty and personally favoring a republic, General Li-Yuen-Heng and the other revolutionary leaders have decided to accept a constitutional monarchy, with Yuan Shi Kai or other satisfactory Chinese as ruler, under a constitution and parliament, if a majority of the people prefer this settlement. The rebel leaders have determined upon this course in order to prevent further bloodshed and the possible disruption of the country.

## STEAMER SLOCUM IN OCEAN

Unfortunate Steamboat on Which 1,000 Excursionists Lost Their Lives Sinks.

Philadelphia.—The last vestige of the unfortunate steamboat General Slocum, on which about 1,000 lives were lost in the water of New York some years ago, lies at the bottom of the sea. After the steamboat was burned to the water's edge the hull was converted into a barge and given the name of Maryland. A report was received here that the barge could not stand the gale that blew off the New Jersey coast and sank somewhere in the vicinity of Sandy Hook.

## LOCAL OPTION IS BEATEN

Defeat of Russell in Georgia gubernatorial Primaries Is Setback for the "Drys."

Atlanta, Ga.—Local option as a political issue in Georgia received another setback in the gubernatorial primary in this state in the defeat of Judge R. B. Russell, the local option candidate.

Returns from 130 of the 146 counties in the state show the election of ex-Gov. Joseph M. Brown over his next closest opponent, Pope Brown, former state treasurer.

## Italians Burn Turkish Camp.

Tripoli.—Italian troops stationed at Azara attacked and burned several neighboring Turkish and Arab camps, first dispersing the enemy with heavy losses. The Turks have entirely abandoned Taghura.

## Yale's Freshmen Are Tall.

New Haven, Conn.—This year's freshman class at Yale has more tall men than any other class in the history of the college. The tallest man is six feet six inches and the average height is nearly six feet.

## It Means Health For the Child

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with a child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring, and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will scarcely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salts, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. A. V. Smith, Viola, Ill., and Mrs. L. B. Freeman, 307 So. 15th St., Springfield, Ill., are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this gentle laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that, after a brief use of it, all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar, a larger bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

## HAD DONE HER PART.



"What are you going to give to the preacher's donation party, Mandy?"

"Lands sake! Nuthin'. Why, I give the preacher a real store weekie that cost 10 cents at his donation party only three years ago!"

## IT IS CRIMINAL TO NEGLECT THE SKIN AND HAIR

Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement, physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft, white hands, and good hair. These blessings, so essential to happiness and even success in life, are often only a matter of a little thoughtful care in the selection of effective remedial agents. Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexioned, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 21 L, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on skin and scalp treatment.

## Husband Was Willing.

The Scot has no monopoly of domestic felicity, as many a piquant paragraph bears witness. The other day an old farmer and his wife were "doing" the sights of a provincial town, and, among other places they visited a panorama of South Africa.

The views were extremely interesting, and the couple were enjoying themselves to the full. As scene after scene passed, the woman's enthusiasm increased, and at length, turning to her husband, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Sandy, this is really splendid. I could just sit here all my days."

"Ah, well, Jennie, woman," replied Sandy, to the mirth of those sitting near; "just sit you still there; I'll not grudge the expense."

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## Do your share of work each day.

pay your debts, have a little money, talk only when you have something to say, and you will assist the world in growing better.

## Many people have receding gums.

Robt. H. W. Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; chase the disease germ with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

## Too many "eye openers" will close a man's eyes.

## CHew SMOKE MAIL POUCH

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE - TO GIVE IT A TRIAL.

## GOT THE LETTERS MIXED

Clergyman's Mistake Resulted in Giving Decided Surprise to Dignified Archbishop.

One of the most amusing stories which the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache tells in "Nuts and Chestnuts," is that entitled, "The Wrong Envelope." Mr. M., a missionary, shortly before leaving England, received two letters—one from Archbishop Tait asking him to dine, and the other from the secretary of a religious society, a very old friend, asking him to preach. He accepted the archbishop's invitation, and at the same time wrote to the secretary, but put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

After the dinner at Lambeth the archbishop said to him: "Mr. M., do you always answer your dinner invitations in the same way?"

"I do not understand, your grace."

The letter, which was then shown to the missionary, ran thus: "You old rascal! Why did you not ask me before? You know perfectly well that I shall be on the high seas on the date you name."—London Tit-Bits.

## An Acrobat He Was.

Bobby—This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Bobby—Because the book says: "Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest."

## There isn't much home for the man who has no self-respect.

## The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour. "Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of over-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil." After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general breakdown, a tonic made of the glyceric extract of certain roots was the best corrective. This he called

## Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various fevers, for thin-blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book of 1008 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to an instant. Always ready to use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child.

The Perfection burns nine hours on one filling—glowing heat from the minute it is lighted. Handsomely finished; drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer or write for descriptive circular to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

All Styles, All Leathers, All Sizes and Widths, for Men and Women

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then realize why I warrant them to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price.

CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid.

How to Order by Mail.—W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, send direct to the factory. Take measurements of foot as shown in cut; state style desired; size and width usually worn plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light sole. I do the largest shoe work of my kind in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 146 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

## The Famous Rayo Lamps and Lanterns

Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil used.

The light is strong and steady. A Rayo never flickers. Materials and workmanship are the best. Rayo lamps and lanterns last.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write for illustrated booklets direct to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated).

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatebs.



The International Secret Service Correspondence School teaches the art of writing in secret code, and other information in regard to Detective Service work will be sent upon application and receipt of 2c stamp for postage.

WHY CORPORATION BONDS ARE MORE DESIRABLE FOR INVESTMENT THAN REAL ESTATE FIRST MORTGAGES. A treatise by H. E. SUMNER, Editor of the Financial Bulletin, No. 49 Broadway, New York. Of great value to investors. Send for free copy.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 50-1911.

## The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour. "Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of over-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil." After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general breakdown, a tonic made of the glyceric extract of certain roots was the best corrective. This he called

## Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various fevers, for thin-blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book of 1008 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to an instant. Always ready to use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.

A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child.

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## HOME STUDY

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT offers you THREE DISTINCT COURSES: 1, Bible Doctrine; 2, Chapter Summary; 3, Practical Christian Work. Advantages are: Begin at any time; at any age; at any distance; makes Bible new; enables you to answer modern cults; trains for Christian service; establishes your faith. Write for particulars to: THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE, 163 INSTITUTE PLACE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



## RURAL NEWS ITEMS

### LAKE VILLA

Ernest Wald is in Chicago this week. C. J. Jarvis was a Chicago passenger Wednesday.

John Nadr and R. Wendland are on our sick list.

T. J. Webb was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

John Hughes who has been sick, is much better.

Rush Hussey spent Sunday at his home in Evanston.

Arthur Wilton, Earl and Arthur Hawkins were in Chicago Friday.

Several new houses are being built, this fall on the new Burnett subdivision.

John Philippi, station agent, was suddenly called home Sunday morning, on account of the death of a sister.

The Angola Cemetery society will meet with Mrs. Chas. Hamlin Tuesday afternoon Dec. 19. Elsie, Quendenfeld, Secretary.

Chas. A. Larsen of Waupaca, Wis. is employed as second truck operator in place of Mr. Wilkins and the latter taking the agency in the vacancy of Mr. Philippi.

### BRISTOL

Mrs. Chas. Aldrich is entertaining relatives from Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. Wm. Perrigo visited relatives at Harvard and Rockford this week.

Mrs. Smith who has been visiting her mother returned to her home at Madison Saturday.

The recent rains have made the roads almost impassable, milk wagons are using from three to four horses.

### Good Cement.

From an old notebook comes this recipe for making a cement to mend broken china. Fill a small bottle with ground isinglass and pour over it sufficient unswetened gin to fill the bottle. Place it on the back of the stove or in a warm place. Immerse in a vessel of hot water until the isinglass is dissolved, and the cement is ready for use.

### MILLBURN

Listen for the wedding bells.

Wm. Bonner moved into their new home this week.

Wm. Martin is seen on our streets quite often. We wonder why?

Alfred Spafford spent last week in Chicago.

Mrs. Spafford who was seriously ill is on the gain.

Mm. McGuire spent over Sunday in Waukegan.

On account of bad weather and roads there was a very small attendance out Sunday.

Mrs. R. Wood of Toledo, Ohio, has returned to her home after spending a week with her parents here.

Mrs. Geo. Jamieson returned from Rochester, Wis., last Wednesday.

Geo. Jamieson, Robert McCann and W. G. Thom attended the stock show in Chicago.

Emerson Winters will be the entertainer at the Millburn church, Dec. 19. Under the auspices of the C. E. society.

The C. E. society will pack a box of clothing to be sent to Chicago. Any one having clothes they do not want please leave at the home of A. H. Stewart. Miss Vivian Bonner will take charge of them.

Mrs. James Armour died at the home of her son-in-law, Nick Luiken Saturday evening, Dec. 9, of pneumonia, she was seriously ill when her daughter, Mrs. Luiken died on Dec. 8. She leaves to mourn, a husband, 3 sons and 4 daughters. Funeral was held at the home on Tuesday, with burial at Millburn. We extend sympathy.

### His Last Word.

Here is one case where the husband had the last word and possibly scored a point. It was during a little spat. His wife had been talking for ten minutes without a letup and the end came only when she asserted vehemently, "There, I hope I've made myself plain!" "Made yourself plain, my dear!" he replied. "Why, bless your heart, I didn't know you had anything to do with it. I thought you were born that way."

### HICKORY

No church last Sunday on account of the storm.

Andrew Pedersen spent last Thursday in Chicago.

Ray Harmer spent a few days in Chicago last week.

Bert Edwards attended the stock show in Chicago Wednesday.

Mr. Pedersen and daughter Agnes spent Sunday at Lake Villa.

Mrs. Geo. Tillotson and Mrs. Harry Tillotson spent Saturday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildorf attended the wedding of their son Alvin, at Bristol last week.

The cemetery society will meet at the church on Thursday, Dec. 21. Dinner served by Mrs. Mabel Grimm and Mrs. Nettie Frazier. Dinner served from 11 to 3:30. All are welcome.

There will be a Christmas entertainment and tree at the church Thursday, Dec. 21, given by Miss Ebert and her school. Santa Claus is expected to get there at that date. Program will commence at 8 o'clock sharp. You are welcome.

### For Those Who Hear Not.

The bullboy had fairly split his throat shouting directions to deaf persons who had called to see Mr. Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz lived in the fourth floor rear right-hand apartment, through the long hall and up the back stairs. It took a good deal of shouting to make some folks understand that.

"I never saw so many deaf people in my life," said the boy. "What on earth are they all running up to Schwartz's for?"

"Mr. Schwartz has advertised a deaf man's phonograph for sale," said a neighbor. "He is very hard of hearing. The phonograph was made especially for him. It has an unusually loud tone. Nobody, but the hard of hearing can live with such entertainment. Mr. Schwartz is in trouble, has advertised for a deaf purchaser."

### Why Is It Thus?

"We often wonder," says the Springfield Union, "why anyone should put himself to the trouble and expense of going to the Adirondacks or the Maine woods to be shot in mistake for a deer when it is so much easier and more convenient to pick a few mushrooms in a nearby field and die at home surrounded by one's sorrowing relatives."

### Town's Claim to Prominence.

The town of Grasse in France is one of the largest centers for the manufacture of perfume.

### HE PLANNED HIS OWN DEATH

How Sir William Hankford 500 Years Ago Evaded Law Against Committing Suicide.

Suicides often adopt ingenious methods, but the art of the fello de so seems not to have advanced materially during the centuries. The modern case of a heavily insured broker who on a fogged hunting trip stood bare-legged in a quagmire for hours and willfully contracted a fatal pneumonia is matched in cleverness by one 500 years old.

The following facts are well vouched for, and indeed were never questioned, says the Green Bag. Sir William Hankford, a judge of the king's bench in the reigns of Edward III, Henry IV, Henry V and Henry VI, and at the time of his death chief justice of England, was a man of melancholy temperament.

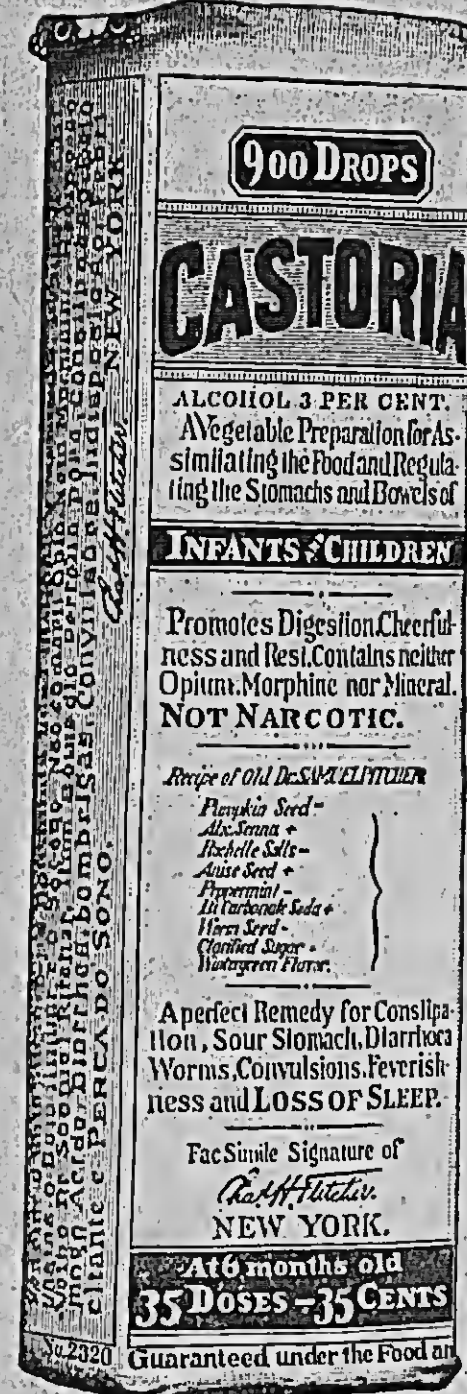
He seems to have contemplated suicide during part of his long life and during his later years the idea became a fixed purpose. The act was of peculiarly serious consequence in those days for the reason that the law treated it as a capital crime. The offender was buried at the cross roads, with a stake driven through his body, and all his goods and property were forfeited to the crown, to the utter ruin of his family.

Hankford made good use of his wit and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose without incurring either unpleasant penalty. He gave open instructions to his gamekeeper, who had been troubled with poachers in the deer preserve, to challenge all trespassers in the future and to shoot to kill if they would not stand and give an account.

One dark night he purposely crossed the keeper's path, and upon challenge made motions of resistance and escape. The faithful servant, failing to recognize his master, followed instruction to the letter, as was expected of him, and Sir William fell dead in his tracks. The whole truth of the affair was common knowledge, but it was impossible to establish a case of suicide by legal proof. The servant was protected by his instructions. Hankford had honorable burial and his estate passed to those whose interests as heirs he had so wisely considered.

### Art Anachronism.

"It is generally acknowledged that the most brilliant little cavalry officer the nation has ever produced was Oliver Cromwell. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate—but it is nevertheless a fact—that on the statue of the Protector which stands outside Westminster hall the spurs are represented as attached to the boots upside down. Further, the left spur is on the right foot, and the right is on the left, while it is insisted by the best experts that the spurs are not of the period."—Harper's Book.



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Chick's Curious Upbringing. A little Andalusian chicken owned by a Kelo farmer has had a curious upbringing so far. A pigeon recently built its nest about fourteen feet from the ground at Floors Home farm, and on the nest being examined the bird was found to have hatched the Andalusian chicken, the chick's mother having apparently deserted the egg in the pigeon's nest. The chick was given to the farmer's hen which has taken to the young bird as if it had been its own.

Something From Nothing. Some children were once asked by an inspector at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl, holding her hand up attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she gave this definition: "Nobody does nothing and everybody goes round telling it."

Had Tested Them. One evening grandpa sent Johnny to the store to buy matches and told him to hurry, for she wanted to light a lamp. One hour later Johnny returned with the matches. Grandpa said: "Johnny the matches are not good." "Yes, they are," answered Johnny. "I have tried every one, they were all good."



## HOLIDAY IDEAS



# STOP! LOOK!

This is the  that Fits FOR COMFORT AND DURABILITY

## THE "KING GEORGE" SHOE

No Cramped Toes to make Corns. No tired feet when wearing "King George" Shoes. Every shoe fitted to give Comfort or money back. For sale at the CITY SHOE STORE, J. R. CRIBB.

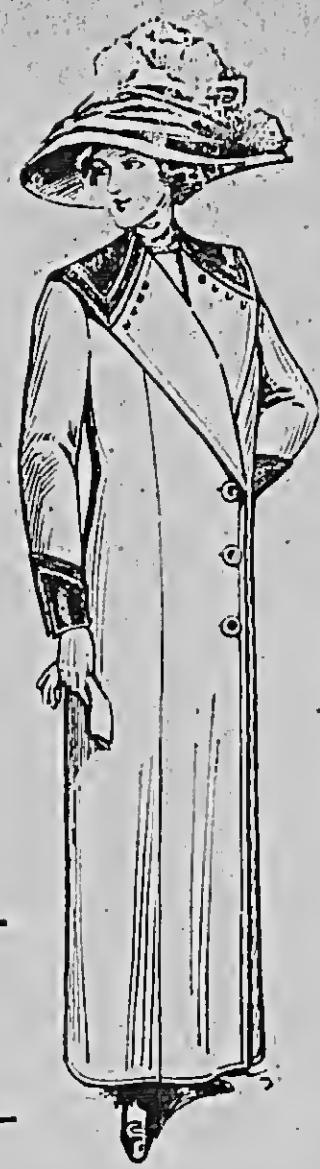
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# XMAS GIFTS

Hair Ornaments for Xmas  
Burets, side and  
back combs hun-  
dreds to pick from  
**25c.**



If you want to spend a Merry Xmas, call at HEIN'S Store in Waukegan. The merchandise displayed there is the finest that money can buy, any item mentioned in this ad would make a senseable gift---a lasting remembrance of a Merry Christmas---ours is exclusively a ladies store---our word is as good as our bond---our merchandise all guaranteed---don't miss our Xmas Dispalpy

## Coats For Christmas

<b>CARACUL</b> Those easy caracul coats extra well made high collar and deep cuffs worth \$15.00. Xmas sale <b>\$6.98</b>	<b>MIXTURES</b> Handsome novelty mixture coats Scotch and English tweeds. Irish home spins, broad-cloth and a variety of new goods all worth double. \$15.00, \$10.00 and <b>\$6.98</b>	<b>CHILDREN'S</b> Junior coats newest mixtures, lastest styles worth \$10.00. for Xmas <b>5.98 1.98</b>	<b>PLUSH</b> Beautiful Seal Plush Coats, large collars and deep cuffs, lined with quilted or brocaded satin, exclusive styles Xmas Sale. \$22.50, \$16.50 and <b>13.50</b>
<b>DRESSES</b> Ladies Misses wool dresses, silk and satin-trimmed, high waist effects, worth \$10.00 Xmas Sale <b>\$4.98</b>	<b>Fur Coats For Xmas</b> Genuine Russian Pony coats, brocaded satin lining handsomest garment of the season worth 75.00 xmas sale <b>\$35.00</b>		<b>DRESSES</b> Ladies Wool, Serge and Silk Dresses, extra well made and handsomely trimmed, latest models worth \$15.00. Xmas Sale <b>\$9.75</b>

**Silk petticoats**  
Large roomy silk petticoats, taffeta or messaline all colors, 3.50 values. Xmas sale  
**\$1.98**

**Wool Sweaters**  
Ladies' or Misses' \$1.98

**Hand Bags**  
Plush bags, with long chain or heavy silk cord 2.00 value for xmas  
**98c**



**SHOES**  
Ladies hand made Shoes put out, gun metal or calf, lace or button \$3.50 values for xmas  
**\$1.98**



**Silk waists**  
A large assortment of silk and lace waists all colors, long or short sleeves, high or low necks, extra well made 1.50 values. Xmas sale  
**\$1.98**

**Belt Pins**  
Enameled pins in neat designs w'th up to \$1.25c

**Auto Caps**  
Auto Caps, heavy Elder-down wool all colors worth \$1.50  
**98c**

**SHOES - SHOES**  
Boy or Girls dress shoes, high or low cut strictly hand made. all samples, worth \$3.50 for  
**\$1.65**  
One hundred pairs Children's shoes, a travelers sample line worth 2.00 a pair for  
**95c.**



## Suits For Xmas

All our Ladies' and Misses' suits that sold as high as \$35. in plain or fancy mixtures silk, satin or velvet trimmed, panel and pleat skirts. \$15.00, \$10.00 and  
**\$6.98**

## Furs For Xmas

It would be difficult to select anything better than a set of FURS for xmas we have beautiful sets in grey, black and Brown, all the popular FURS. \$10.00, \$8.75 and  
**\$5.00**

We Refund Carfare on Purchases of \$5.00 or Over

# HEIN'S

WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

NEAR POSTOFFICE.



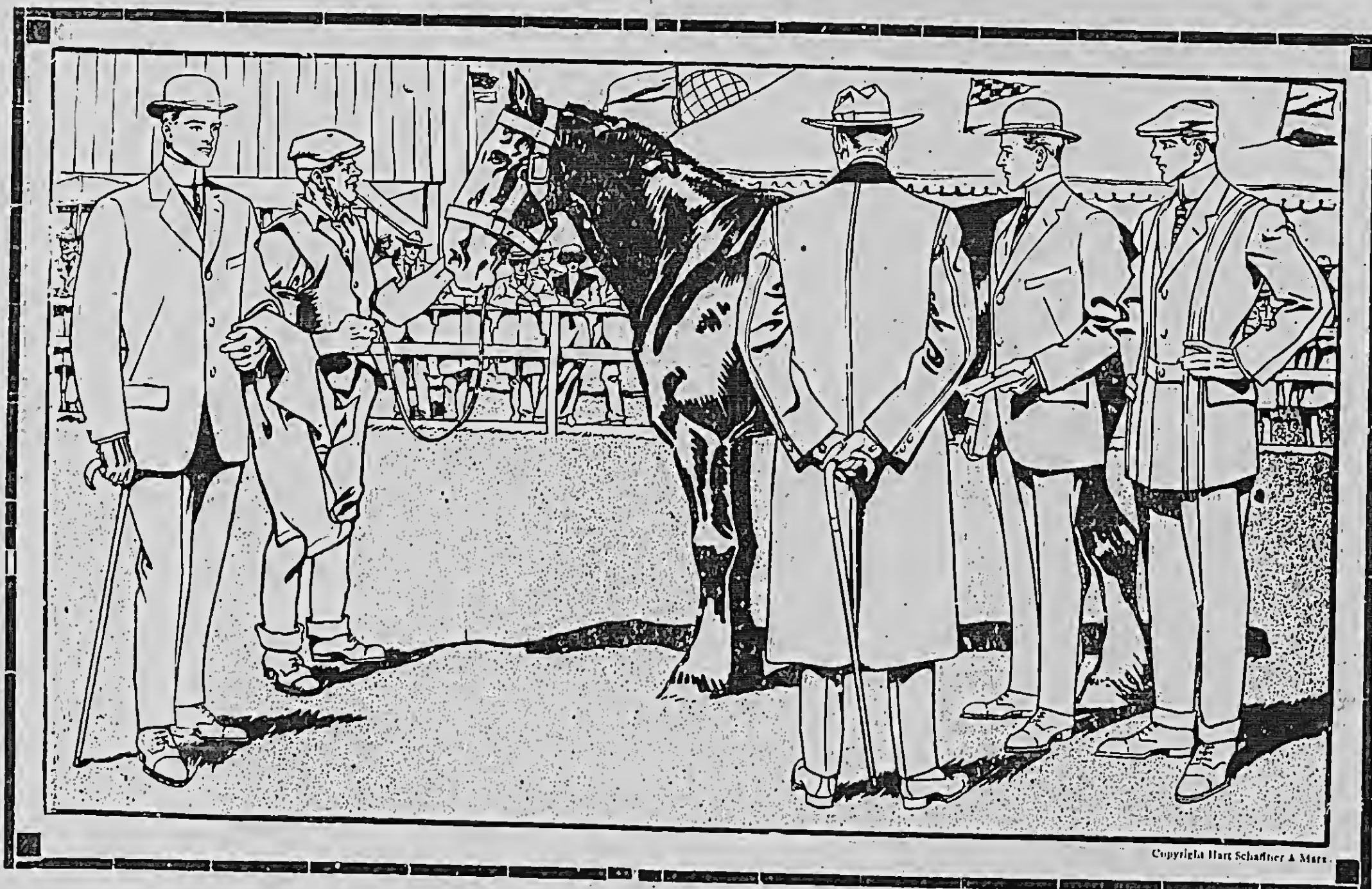
# Your Xmas Shopping

"Not How Cheap but How Good."

If it is a Suit or an Overcoat that you will want to buy, remember that we are headquarters for Hart Schaffner & Marx well known Clothes. If you don't know them, your well dressed neighbor does. We have a great line and styles and shapes to fit any form or figure.

Suits, \$15.<sup>00</sup> to \$30.<sup>00</sup> Overcoats, \$15.<sup>00</sup> to \$30.<sup>00</sup>

Young Men's and Boy's suits and overcoats. The kind that the young men like. We fit your figure and your purse to a dot. We want to outline to you a list of Xmas gifts appropriate for any and all members of the family and you will find them here in great array.



Men's shoes and slippers.  
Ladies' shoes and slippers.  
Boys' and Girls, shoes and slippers.  
Neckwear.  
Mufflers.  
Handkerchiefs.  
Hosiery.  
Silk suspenders.  
Jewelry.  
Dress gloves.  
Work gloves.

Fur gloves.  
Fur caps.  
Fur collars.  
Hockey caps.  
Caps.  
Hats.  
Bath robes.  
House coats.  
Smoking Jackets.  
Sweats.  
Sweater coats.

Cardigan Jackets.  
Dress Skirts.  
Underwear.  
Leather collar bags.  
Leader handkerchief cases.  
Leather neckwear Cases.  
Umbrellas.  
Walking sticks.  
Suit cases.  
Bags.  
Trunks.

Fur Coats and Fur-Lined Coats--a Great Line

Your trade is solicited.

Everything we sell is guaranteed.

**YAGER'S** 121-123 North Genesee St., **WAUKEGAN**